

August 10, 1955

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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ELIZABETH**

A New Portrait
By SIMON ELWES

**SPRING
FASHION
ISSUE**

PRICE



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 10, 1955

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REAL WEALTH OF THE NATION

NEXT week is Education Week in N.S.W. and Victoria.

It has been arranged to focus public attention on the needs of our schools, and to bring about a closer understanding between parents and teachers.

The theme adopted for Education Week—"The real wealth of a nation lies in its schools"—is one that cannot be emphasised enough.

In this modern technical age, there is no place for the unlettered. It is the well-educated child for whom the opportunities for advancement in adult life are greatest.

The reward for unskilled labor may be high now, but in times of depression it is the unskilled who are vulnerable.

It is in the schools that the citizens and the leaders of tomorrow are made. Next to their homes, it is there that they receive the most marked influences in life.

And no matter how poor the parents, every Australian child is assured of excellent schooling.

During Education Week, which begins with Education Sunday in churches on August 14, organisers want to bring parents and teachers together.

Unfortunately, it is a sad fact that thousands of Australian parents have never met their children's teachers.

Discussions between parents and teachers could help both parties. They could work together to iron out difficult character traits that arise.

Throughout Education Week, parents will have an opportunity to see the conditions under which the children are taught.

We hope that when their children bring home these invitations, Mum and Dad just won't toss them aside. Education Week should result in a stronger awareness among the community of the benefits and drawbacks of our education system.

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Our cover:

● A new portrait of the Queen by Simon Elwes, commissioned by the President and Officers of the Wardroom Mess, the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth. On page 28 is an interview with the artist by Anne Matheson, of our London staff.

Next week:

● Two pages of color pictures in honor of Princess Margaret's 25th birthday show her enjoying her crowded life of Royal duties and private parties.

● In the Teenagers' Section young people are asked some pertinent questions about how they dress. Do they resemble, for instance, junior Mata Hari (girls who wear slinky, beautiful-spy clothes) or Tarzan's younger brothers (boys with "built-in muscles" in tight, padded suits)?

Budding Mata Hari will find it hard to hold out against the youthful charm of Candy Hardy's advance spring fashions, which show just how versatile is the season's line and how very pretty are the materials and designs.

● Debbie, accomplished teenage chef, demonstrates sausage-roll technique in step-by-step pictures.

● Our film pin-up shows the new screen lovers, veterans Clark Gable and Susan Hayward, appearing together for the first time in "Soldier of Fortune," set against Eastern backgrounds in Hongkong.

● Begins a new serial, "My Brother's Keeper," by the noted American author Marcia Davenport. It's a powerful and dramatic story. The theme: The effect of domination on other people's lives. See page 23 of this issue for fascinating details of this important novel and its author.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

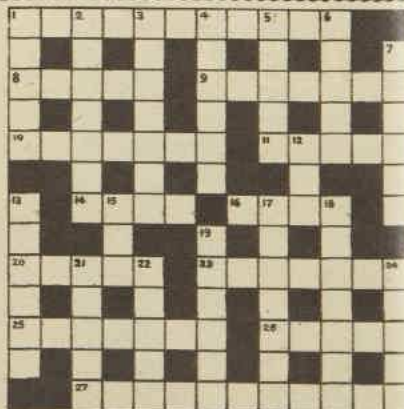
ACROSS

- No. It is not a building material for colleges, yet you may see it there (6-5).
- Big torn rag in the French (6).
- A little bird and a fish make the same little bird (7).
- To be dazzling use bombastic language round Ida when turned (7).
- It can move a ship from both ends (5).
- Face to be found in the best epics (4).
- The night one is an incubus (4).
- Inventor who supports fifty on a broken bone (5).
- They provide the necessary spars and ropes (7).
- Milton's cheerful man is merry in music (7).
- Defy a Red Indian warrior (5).
- Myxomatosis won't affect this Celtic rodent? (4-6).

Solution will be published next week.

PRIMROSES
OCTING
LEGISLATION
KILL ROOST
ALTERNATE
U O E E
STORMS OPERAS
U A O
MET DWELLINGS
MORSE V E I
A FREEMASON
ROGUE N I G
YE RETICENCE

Solution is last week's crossword.



DOWN

- Grinder not in the mill yet in the miller (5).
- Red sore (Anagr. 7).
- Assert oldness of the usual standard (7).
- Have linings at a sweet potato (6).
- This flower can take a rest (5).
- Tendency of a doctor who has the material to be fit (5).
- Mushroom could be used as a cigar (6).
- Belongs to me and to you (3).
- Handbook or just done with the hands (6).
- Starting point for a sportsman (3).
- Real bag (Anagr. 7).
- A female young quadruped can be the most cherished possession (3-4).
- Jewelled, ornamental safety pin hiding the tail of a kangaroo (6).
- Underneath (5).
- Lawful beginning on a lower limb (5).
- Paid out, starting with the bookie (5).

The words were locked in her heart
and there was no escape for them

THE SNUFF BOX

By EMMA SMITH

CAROLINE ASCHER was forty-two, a restless woman of boundless energy, a widow with one daughter and one passion: old furniture. Her father had been a world-famous auctioneer. As a girl she had been constantly with him, and he had taught her all he knew, which was a very great deal. To the knowledge he gave her she added an instinct as keen as a knife.

It was said that if Caroline Ascher (her friends called her Carrie) was led blindfolded into a room full of junk, she could smell out the good piece of furniture in it.

About two years before, she had come upon a young man, Adrian Murphy, who kept an antique shop, and they had at once become friends. Their friendship was based on a mutual business-like admiration. They realised immediately that they could be useful to each other in the pleasantest way, and from being useful to each other they soon became invaluable.

Almost every day Carrie drove out into the country to some small unheard-of sale—she seldom went to big ones—bringing back with her in triumph battered treasures that no one but she had known were treasures, seventeenth-century cupboards that had been stored for years in an outhouse till all the polish was gone from them, chairs like beautiful bones with the flesh ripped off them; and these she handed on to Adrian to be restored by him to their former glory, and sold in his shop for considerable sums of money.

It was a dry but a satisfactory relationship and thrived accordingly. Nearly every day they saw each other, and if by chance they did not meet, they rang each other up. Their conversation was entirely concerned with the buying and selling of furniture.

It seemed to be all they wanted to talk about, until one night when Adrian drove round to Carrie's house to inspect her latest acquisition. On this occasion she gave him a drink and talked to him of Miriam.

Miriam was her daughter. She was eighteen, and as different from her mother as it is possible for a mother and daughter to be. She was not energetic. She liked getting up late in the mornings, and going to bed early with a book.

She avoided people, and—what was most puzzling to her mother, who talked as she smoked, incessantly—Miriam never talked at all. Carrie had been growing increasingly uneasy about her daughter, and now at last she opened her heart to Adrian.

"The fact of the matter is, Adrian," she said, "I don't in the least understand her. Do you?"

Adrian was startled, and at the same time he felt in a strange way a little ashamed of himself. It suddenly seemed to him wrong that he should be hardly aware of the existence of this girl he had seen almost constantly for two years.

He had got used to her, as to the appearance of a ghost, but that was all. Innumerable times he had said, "Hullo, Miriam," and then gone past her without another word, another glance, in search of her mother.

"No," he said now, "I'm afraid I don't. That's to say, I've hardly ever spoken to her, you know."

"Of course you haven't," cried Carrie. "That's the whole trouble, Adrian—she never does speak, not even to me." It genuinely did not occur to Carrie Ascher, as she said this, that she gave her daughter very little chance to talk since she did it all herself. "I simply don't know what she's thinking. She must be thinking of something, mustn't she?"

Adrian was silent. He had seen Miriam only this evening on his way over to Carrie, and the remembrance came back to him with a slight sense of shock. It was raining outside, a wet London evening, and as he drove slowly along he had suddenly seen Miriam standing under a street-lamp waiting to cross the road. Her hands were in her mackintosh pockets, her face lifted vaguely as though she had forgotten where she was going, or why.

She stood as though in a dream of rain and night and her secret thoughts, the yellow light shining on her white face turned up

To page 55

"Goodbye, Adrian," Miriam said from the doorway,
but he was too busy telephoning to hear her.



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SKY HIGH

BY MICHAEL GILBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE



IN Sunday morning, after breakfast, the General was so far recovered that he insisted on walking to morning service.

He had a black eye, turning yellow at the edges, and a square of sticking plaster over his forehead, and he created quite a sensation among the congregation in the tiny church in the park. It was plain that he would shortly be demanding to leave Cleve's house and go home.

Just before lunch Tim telephoned his mother at Bob Cleve's. He was speaking from home.

"How long have you been back?" Liz asked in some surprise.

"As a matter of fact," said Tim, "I got back yesterday evening." He sounded quite unrepentant, and Liz knew, from the tone in which he spoke, that it was not the least use asking him any questions.

"I hope you had a comfortable night," she said.

"Not a single gremlin," said Tim. "I cooked my own breakfast, too. We seem to be a bit short of butter. When are you all coming back?"

"Well," said Liz, and stopped. It had been generally accepted that they were to stay at Clamboys until Monday morning at least. She took a sudden decision. "After lunch today," she said.

She was alone at that moment with the General, who nodded his vigorous approval.

"I'm too old to be quite happy in other people's houses," he said, "however comfortable. You'll have to break it to Sue, though. She likes the riding."

However, when the point was put to Sue she proved unexpectedly agreeable. She seemed to have something on her mind, too.

As the Clamboys car was approaching Brimberley she leaned forward and slid the glass partition across, thus excluding the ancient Clamboys chauffeur from their confidences.

"On Friday night," she said, "when you asked Bob where Rupert got his voice from—he said—or rather he didn't say quite what I expected—"

"You spotted that, did you?" said Liz. "I thought you were asleep. You're quite right, though I don't think people know it in these parts. Rupert isn't his son. His father and mother were very old friends of Bob's. They were killed in one of the London raids."

Bob's treated Rupert as his own son ever since. In fact, I doubt if Rupert knows the difference."

"Funny," said Sue. "I'd always thought of Bob as a widower."

"Crusted old bachelor," said the General. "Why? Are you after him for yourself? Very warm man."

"Try not to be vulgar," said Sue coldly. "Here we are. We'd better drop you first, Liz."

When the car reached Melliker Lane the General and Sue got out. The right-hand gatepost still stood at an odd angle, but otherwise all signs of the accident seemed to have been cleaned up.

The General waited until the big car had rolled away, then he drew a deep breath.

"I feel," he said, "just as I used to feel when I got back to the fighting after a bit of leave. A nice holiday, but I'm glad it's over."

He stumped up the two shallow brick steps and unlocked the door of his house. His granddaughter followed, a good deal more slowly.

Early next morning the General came to a stop in the middle of his loosening-up exercises, and frowned. Facing him was the open window. Something, or someone, was moving in the fields behind the house.

Pulling on a jacket, for it was barely eight o'clock, and there was a bite in the morning air, he strode across to his dressing-table and reached for his field-glasses. They were a good pair, which he kept for bird watching.

When he got back to the window the figure had disappeared. The General drew

up a chair, rested the heavy glasses on the window ledge, and waited.

Presently he caught a glimpse of brown and white, whipped up the glasses and focused them at speed.

It was Tim. No doubt about it. He was not taking any particular pains to conceal himself. He seemed to be loafing along the hedgerow which divided the big back field, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the ground.

The General grunted, returned the glasses to their case, took off his jacket, and continued his careful routine. Up, down. Steady. Up, down (crack), steady.

When he felt a light perspiration breaking out all over him, it would be time for his bath.

Tim was not really loafing. He was walking slowly, certainly, but he was walking carefully.

He had arrived at the end of Melliker Lane that morning with no very set purpose. His excuse was that he wanted to see for himself the damage to the gateposts (and if Sue had happened to look out of the window and wave to him, well, he would have been happy to wave back). Also he wished to test out an idea that had come to him.

You thought of Melliker Lane as a dead end. So far as motor traffic went; this was no doubt correct. The made-up surface stopped opposite the shell of the MacMorris house.

It was obvious, however, that when the road had been laid its planners were prepared, at need, to carry it farther. The end had been sealed off temporarily with a line of hurdles and a small quick-set hedge which had grown, through neglect and the passage of time, into a formidable obstacle.

If you squeezed round the end of the fence—there was a sort of established opening used first by cats, then by small boys, and later, apparently, by heavier traffic—you found that the continuation of the metalled road was a cart track, now almost indistinguishable from the field in which it lay.

"Must have led somewhere once," observed Tim to a fat thrush who was cracking a snail on a stone. He moved slowly along, his eyes on the ground. The cart track wandered slow and laborious as the carts that had made it, up the hill at an easy slant, along the crest, and down the reverse slope.

Ahead showed a square of alders and brambles. In the middle, an affair of tumbled bricks and rotted timbers, stood the remains of a barn. The track ran up to it and stopped. Beyond the barn was something more ambitious. It was a service road, between high banks, badly made, but practicable in dry weather for most makes of car.

The intervening crest hid the spot from the Melliker Lane houses. In fact, it was out of sight of any house. A sad, lonely spot. Tim, who had lived in the district, off and on, for most of his life, had never suspected that it existed.

He squatted. There were tracks of some sort on the rough surface. Tyre tracks, he thought. Impossible to say what type, or how recent. Then, in the dust, something more

To page 37

"Good grief, what are you up to?" Tim asked, as the two boys stared back white faced at him and Sue.



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THE EXAMINATION

ELIZABETH sat tensely in her white hospital gown on the hard bench in the school infirmary, hugging her knees and waited. The other girls were playing up.

Betty Cartwright, that clown, was doing a ghost dance, her white hospital gown billowing far out, showing her pretty legs; she was going "Boo! Boo!" in a very ghostly manner, her blond hair swinging. The other girls were giggling and excited, yelping, pinching, and acting like little thirteen-year-old devils dressed in white angel robes.

"He makes you take off everything!" Evelyn exclaimed.

"Whoops! We're all strip-teasers!" cried Dorothy, throwing her gown up like a can-can dancer. The nurse came in and shushed them down and said: "Jane Barbour."

Jane, a little brunette, got up shyly and demurely and followed the nurse into the doctor's surgery.

"Don't let him take your appendix!" cried Wendy, and the other girls all laughed as if it was the funniest thing—except Elizabeth. This wasn't a lark to her.

She had been the last to undress, purposely dawdling till they all were out of the room where they took off their clothes. Even then she had slipped her gown over her head and let it fall concealingly before she dropped her petticoat.

Elizabeth Worthington was hit by a hit-and-run driver when she was six years old. It was a miracle she was alive, an even greater miracle that she was now such a healthy young girl. The only reminders of the accident were the scars on the leg and the slight limp which wasn't a limp at all most of the time.

But inside Elizabeth was the deepest scar. She felt—well, quite honestly—she felt defective; not like a girl should be. No, I'm not a cripple, she would tell herself firmly and truly, but she knew she wasn't like the other girls and never would be. She hated to wear a bathing-suit because it made her feel so self-conscious. She had asked to be excused from dancing class.

It was getting worse lately, because she was growing up, and she had a feeling deep in her heart that boys did not like girls who had something wrong with them. She read many magazine stories and practically all the heroines were beautiful and the men seemed to pay so much attention to the fact that they had lovely legs. She sat clutching her knees; she was glad her name was Worthington, down at the end of the alphabet, and she would be last. This was her first school medical examination; the school she had gone to before didn't have examinations. She didn't dislike doctors; she had seen enough of them and they had all been kind.

Of course they had all been very interested in her leg and had asked her a lot of questions about it, but

she knew that was part of their job and she couldn't consider it prying curiosity.

As Elizabeth looked round the room at the other girls cavorting and teasing about being examined, she could see that they didn't mind it at all; in fact they were enjoying it. They'd get weighed and measured and have their chests thumped and be told how well they were and the doctor would perhaps tell them a little joke to make them feel good and it would all be so pleasant.

Down at the bottom of their cards at the place marked "Remarks" there would be either a blank, a perfect blank, or some slight difference noted that really didn't make any difference at all.

One by one the girls had vanished into the inner office and now Elizabeth was alone. She had hardly moved throughout the waiting. I'm not afraid, she told herself, I really don't care what he writes on the card, or what he thinks of me. After all, he will be looking at me as a doctor. I'll just be a specimen to him, one of the defective ones.

"You're the last, dear," the nurse said. She smiled at Elizabeth kindly. Whenever anyone smiled at her kindly, Elizabeth had the feeling they were pitying her.

She walked very deliberately into the doctor's office trying not to limp, but she always felt she was limping more noticeably whenever she tried hardest not to. The doctor was a large, tall man with a full head of white hair brushed straight back. His eyes were twinkling as he smiled at her, but she could see how keenly he was looking at her.

"Well, Elizabeth, it seems you are the last. Sit down, please, I'll be with you in a minute." He was finishing a report—writing quite a lot. Could there be something wrong with Thelma Twombly, she wondered. She didn't think so, but he had such keen eyes she was sure he could see everything.

"You're Tom Worthington's daughter, aren't you?" he said, laying down the pen and looking straight at her.

"Yes, sir," she said. He knows all about me, she said to herself. The doctor took a fresh record card and filled in her name. He asked her several questions and carefully filled in her answers.

"Now, let's get some vital statistics," he said, and he led her to the scales. She weighed exactly seven stone and measured five feet.

Then he looked in her ears, her eyes, her nose and down her throat. He said, "Uh huh," in a kind of satisfied grunt, and made some more notations on her record.

"Take off your gown, Elizabeth. Those things fit you girls like tents."

Elizabeth could feel that he was trying to be casual and make her feel at ease. She slipped off the

gown and she trembled, not with cold, because the room was warm, and not with any feeling of modesty, but with the knowledge that now she was entirely revealed.

It was hard enough for her to live with her defects hidden by clothes, muffled, disguised. Sometimes you could even fool people and they wouldn't know you were any different from anyone else. She always felt a small triumph when she could do that, and, even if someone did notice there was something different about you, as long as you had clothes on it was a kind of secret that they could only guess at.

But now she had no protection and she stood before a man whose eyes, she was certain, could not only see every detail of her defects but could see inside her to the very heart and soul of her where the outward defects were, twisting and wrenching and hurting much more than any of the outward signs could show.

Elizabeth hardly dared look down at her leg. She felt it must look hideous.

"Please walk across the room," the doctor said. She did as he directed. She walked stiffly, every movement tense and strained, and she limped. She tried so hard to walk straight and natural, but she limped.

She shuddered, what must he think of me? She bit her lip, and a tear slowly trickled down her cheek. She saw that he was watching her very observantly, watching her face and every movement.

"All right, Elizabeth, put on your gown," he said. Quickly she grabbed it and had it on in a flash, while he wrote rapidly on her report. He

wrote with his face very serious.

Yes, now he is filling in the place for "Remarks"—the place where all the oddities are so painfully spelled out. The queer, long, scientific terms that mean a girl just isn't like a normal girl. Suddenly he capped the pen and got up.

"Please wait a minute. I'll be right back," he said, and he walked briskly out of the room.

Elizabeth sat on the wooden chair in the white cotton gown and folded her hands in her lap. Her eyes caught the report on the desk, written in small rather scribbly script that many doctors have.

Should I look and see what he says, she asked herself. I probably won't understand. It will be written in doctor language, but maybe there will be something there that shows just what he really thinks of me. When people smile at you it doesn't always mean they like you or understand you. I wonder what he has written down about my leg?

Trembling, her heart pounding, listening for the doctor to return

unexpectedly, she got up and went round the desk and read the part of the card marked "Remarks." There was only one sentence:

"Has an unusually fine-shaped head."

Elizabeth blinked, then her eyes grew very round and big. What about my leg? She felt a strange, thrilling, prickly sensation. There was nothing about the leg, nothing at all. Only her head. An unusually fine-shaped head. Me? She straightened her shoulders.

Unconsciously she ran her hand over her head. "Unusually fine-shaped head." Proudly she walked back to her chair. A big tear trickled out of each eye and left them glistening. Imagine! she said to herself. My head. When the doctor came in she was smiling.

"Well, that's all, Elizabeth. If you'll get dressed quickly, I'll drop you off at your house."

"Thank you, doctor, thank you!" she said, and she dashed out of the room without the trace of a limp, carrying her head high, nobly, filled with wonder at the beauty of life.

The doctor sat down at the desk with a smile of deep understanding and carefully filled in the rest of Elizabeth's card.

(Copyright)

Trembling, her heart pounding, Elizabeth stood at the desk, listening for the doctor to return unexpectedly.



**A complete short story
By J. R. LAHEY**



BY HANNIDAL
COONS

RED HOT

FEDERAL PICTURES,
Hollywood, California.
July 24, 1954.

Airmail.

From Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity.

Mr. George Seiber,
Special Representative,
Federal Pictures,
Hotel Savoy-Plaza,
New York, New York.

Dear George:

George, do you perchance have access to a surrey with the fringe on top? If not, hire a speedy model with all haste, because we have a sudden emergency in the glorious south-west — to be specific, Oklahoma. I would like you to head down that way at once, and, if possible, in a surrey with fairly strong springs, because the fact is that you will need to take quite a bit of dynamite.

In other words, to business. Do you remember Flame Dawn? How could you forget her? Twelve or fifteen years ago that luscious red-head was the hottest item on this or any other Hollywood campus.

Flame was the nation's heartbeat before Marilyn Monroe even knew how to read the date on a calendar. And then, as you know, right at the height of her career she suddenly lost her head, married that Bob Morley, from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and left Hollywood with him, headed in an easterly direction.

Well, none of us, of course, thought anything of it at the time. With our customary idealism, we felt that the heat of the romance was generated entirely by the fact that young Mr. Morley had just inherited practically all the oil wells in Oklahoma; and we naturally assumed that Flame would shortly be back, a large sack of oil wells over each shoulder.

Which turned out to be a wrong assumption. Flame Dawn was evidently really in love with this Bob Morley, because from that day to this she has stayed right there in Tulsa, raised two reportedly splendid children, and, in general, became a pillar of the community. That girl was gone.

Then, one night last month, there was a large, two-headed party thrown out here by our beloved boss, Mr. Lou Bentley. It was quite a historic gathering, because who suddenly knocked at the door but Flame and Bob, on their way home to Tulsa from Honolulu. She was welcomed by all with wild cries.

She looked absolutely wonderful. I must say, and even among the night's honeypot of today's stars and starlets she was immediately the complete centre of attention, all the able-bodied males in the room trampling one another to get near enough to give her the big hello. Finally, Mr. Bentley and I managed to fight our way through the crowd to her side, and in the excitement of the moment I contrived to make one of the most ill-advised remarks of all time.

"Flame," I cried, crushing her to my bosom, "look how everybody still loves you! You must come back to us and make at least one picture, so all your fans can see you . . ."

At the time, George, so help me, all I had in mind was to be pleasant. Just to make her feel good. Well, from now on I am abandoning the friendly word business. Just call me Surly Sam.

Because what do you think that woman did? She went right back to Tulsa; and without saying boo to us, one of the networks has suddenly announced that the great Flame Dawn is to star in a new television programme—to emanate right from her home in Tulsa, and with no profit or even public credit to us whatever.

And that's not the half of it! Since she's got all the money in the world, and is just doing it as a sop to her infernal vanity, she has added injury to insult by grandly hiring away from us all her old crew, which means practically every top technical hand in this place. Joe Crain, our best cameraman; Al Neff, our best light man; Art Bristol, to do her make-up; Lily Lake, to design her fool costumes. She's taken the whole kaboodle. Plus Wallace Ward, who directed all her big pictures. Just because we weren't pay-

ing them at the moment, due to the miseries of all this 3-D and wide-screen change-over, they all rushed off to the wilds of Tulsa the minute she waved the cheque-book. There's gratitude for you.

Well, for your information, we don't intend to put up with it. If Hollywood loses all its top experienced technical men to television, this movie business will be as dead as a planked mongoose. Without our technical ability, we might even get arrested for wasting film. We've at least always known how to light and photograph these little nursery tales and other horror stories we've made. If we lose that, we're done.

In particular, I'm done. Because Bentley naturally blames me for the whole debacle.

"If you'd just kept your big mouth shut," he says, "this whole situation wouldn't have arisen." Which, let's face it, it wouldn't have—at least, not all at once like this.

The point is that he has been looking at me like something that he could maybe do without. I've known spaniels that weren't in the doghouse as completely as I am at the moment.

Well, if I can help it, I don't plan to be the fall guy on this. I'm not going to lose a reasonably good job for making one friendly remark.

I am, in other words, going to bite the hand that bit me, if you can stand one of those lines that Sam Goldwyn's Press agents think up for him. I am going to see to it, in brief, that this great TV show of Miss Flame Dawn's is one of the flops of all time. It is going to flop so badly that she will forget the whole idea, and send all those people of ours back here in great haste.

So get down there to Tulsa at once, and start throwing sand in that girl's gears.

Love,

Dick.

Richard L. Reed,
Federal Pictures,
Hollywood, Calif.

Thanks a lot, but I have no interest in Oklahoma's oil. I don't own a car, I'm not cold, and I don't squeak. Regards.

George

GUSHER

When a beautiful girl gets star-dust in her eyes it is a pretty tough job to convince her that a woman's place is really in the home.

SCENE 2

George Seibert,
Hotel Savoy-Plaza,
New York, N.Y.

(%) "L" ? " " - % L x ! ! ?

Richard L. Reed,

Richard L. Reed,
Federal Pictures,
Hollywood, Calif.

Now Dick, don't get upset. I'm always ready to co-operate, but they have laws against sabotage in Oklahoma. They also have guns. Surely there is some other approach to this.
George.

George Seibert,
Hotel Savoy-Plaza,
New York, N.Y.

George, you can get down there, plant the fuse and be back in New York in a matter of seconds, before they can lay a hand on you. A child could do it. So don't send me any more witty wires. I don't even want another wire saying you're going. Just go.
Richard L. Reed.

Hotel Tulsa,
Tulsa, Oklahoma,

July 26, 1954.

Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed,

Director of Publicity, Federal
Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Reed:

Yes, sir. By letter, sir, I announce that I am here.

And just as I thought, the whole trip has been a complete waste of the firm's money. I got in here a little after eight this morning, I have had ample time to ease the situation, and this is one that we just can't do. We could do it, but we can't.

As you so love to say, let's start at the beginning. Because, Richard, on this one you just haven't got all the facts.

You, of course, know that I have known Flame Dawn since the day when I helped buckle her into her

To page 34

Flame stormed off after announcing to one and all that she was through with the whole idea of being a TV star.

Frank Beck

Richard Hudnut reveals two secrets of truly beautiful hair

Secret No.1



Richard Hudnut egg creme Shampoo

It's soapless, of course—and it's made with real egg formula. Egg protein has always been considered to be specially good for your hair. Hair itself is protein, you know, so it naturally benefits from this affinity of protein to protein. This rich, golden shampoo cleanses so quickly, rinses so completely, it leaves your hair beautifully clean, extra manageable. Dull dry hair, limp oily hair gain new beauty—hidden subtleties of tone are magically revealed. Permanents take better. 4 oz. bottle, 4/11; 8 oz. bottle, 8/9.

Secret No.2



Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse

This pretty pink liquid creme, rinsed through just once, makes your hair gleam with shining loveliness . . . fragrant . . . tangle-free, easy to comb and set. Pin curls take shape smoothly—are bound to last longer. Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse is an amazingly effective hair reconditioner . . . a boon to sun or wind-damaged hair . . . strengthens your perm. or natural wave. Perfectly wonderful for children's hair, too—no more snarls to comb through . . . 4 oz. bottle, 4/11; 8 oz. bottle, 8/9.

Two more hair beautifiers to make busy women even lovelier.

Richard Hudnut Dandruff Lotion

Works wonders two ways—as a germicide, clearing away stubborn dandruff . . . as a refreshant, stimulating scalp circulation, keeping hair and scalp fragrant and healthy. 8 oz. bottles, 6/9.



Richard Hudnut Creme Brilliantine

Delicately perfumed and rich in lanolin, but not sticky or greasy. Gives you true "salon" grooming at home . . . your hair stays beautifully set and lustrous all day. 4 oz. bottles, 4/11.



Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

HAIRDRESSERS, fashion salons, and beauty aids all do much to bring women near perfection. Yet the most captivating and lasting asset any woman can have is a pleasant and courteous speaking voice. It costs nothing.

Many girls and women speak too loudly, others speak carelessly. One hears unnecessary giggles, even from older women. Rasping, high-pitched voices, monotonous tones, prolonged laughter are common; a well-modulated, soothing voice is a rarity. Competitors in beauty competitions frequently disappoint when heard speaking over the air.

When I was very small I was completely fascinated by the exquisite voice of a friend of my mother's. She is old now, but her voice remains unchanged. We can all cultivate a lovely voice, which could bring joy to all we come in contact with.

£1/1/- to "Hark" (name supplied), Brisbane.

MANY women's main topic of conversation centres on illness. Pass any two women conversing on the street and you generally hear "My doctor said," "High blood pressure, of course," and other similar remarks. Women seem to get infinite pleasure out of relating such items. I am almost scared to say "How are you?" for fear people will really tell you in detail. Isn't there something more pleasant to talk about than illness? Some women always seem to be ailing except when some entertainment is on, or a shopping spree looms. There are others who just live from one bottle of tablets to the next.

10/6 to "Sensible," Manly, Qld.

RECENTLY I travelled by train with my three small children in a carriage in which there were five women and an elderly man. Not one of the women offered to help me out when I arrived at my destination; it was the elderly man who came to my aid. He held my baby and helped me down to the platform, lifted the other two out, and got my basket, nappy-bag, etc. Then he went to the guard's van and got my pram, helped me tuck baby in, and had a nice word to say to each of the kiddies and saw me on my way with a smile. Women seem to have no sympathy for other women. I can't help thinking what a nice world it would be if people were more understanding where mothers are concerned.

10/6 to "Just Another Mother" (name supplied), Eumundi, Qld.

I HAVE read frequently of the death of children who have helped themselves to medicine or poison. It is time parents realised the dangers of leaving such things in places accessible to children. In every home a locked medicine cupboard should be counted as necessary as a broom or linen cupboard. We built a cupboard in our laundry especially for all medicines and household requirements of a poisonous nature, and the key is kept in a place unknown to our youngsters. A little thought and care among parents can safeguard their children's lives.

10/6 to "Careful" (name supplied), Riverside, Tas.

MEN must design all electrical appliances, for if women designed them I feel sure they wouldn't be quite so impossible to clean. Like most things in constant use, they require the usual amount of cleaning, but instructions supplied always state, "Do not immerse in water, as damage to the element will result." It is almost impossible to clean them with just a damp cloth, and they soon lose their new look. I feel sure women would be able to suggest ideas to the manufacturers, such as movable parts that would allow easy access to the parts that get dirty.

10/6 to "Designer" (name supplied), Griffith, N.S.W.

EVERYONE should carry an identification. Almost daily one reads of people, injured, killed, suffering from loss of memory, or similar things, who are unable to be identified. Small children are lost often and are rarely able to give their names or addresses. Identification would be a valuable help to the police in locating the relatives concerned in these cases. Hundreds of people have initials or Christian names engraved on watches or identity bracelets, but such "identification" is of little help in an emergency.

10/6 to E. Booth, Wagga, N.S.W.

IT is surprising, when one considers the many comforts of modern train travel in New South Wales, that something has not been devised for stowing luggage at a lower level. Present luggage racks are much too high for women travelling alone. The average woman finds extreme difficulty in placing or removing luggage at the height of the present luggage racks without assistance, which is not always forthcoming when required. Surely some other arrangement could be made.

10/6 to Mrs. C. L. Woodward, Gordon, N.S.W.

No notices

I READ "Convalescent's" letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 13/7/55) with great interest, but shudder to think what would happen to me if I dared to leave little notes like "Please try not to splash and drip" about the place. I'd soon be swamped under the counter-irritants, such as "Please darn my socks," "Please don't make rice pudding any more for a month," and I wouldn't dare open a cupboard door for fear of finding a nice little note saying, "Please tidy up this mess."

10/6 for "Tit For Tat," Burnie, Tas.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

OUR family problem was to provide a variety of food that the family liked at a minimum cost. I was tired of trying to please everyone with the dinner menus, but I solved my problem by allowing each member of the family to take his turn in choosing the dinner menu for the day.

Dad always chooses a grill, one son loves thickened boiled mincemeat with lots of carrots, another likes chips and sausages, and you can always depend on me for a good old Irish stew.

I use the same method for sweets, with each one choosing each day. Of course, everyone has a favorite dish which is not always preferred by the other members. One of our rules, though, is that no one can choose a menu unless they eat everything chosen by the other members. The threat of losing their turn always makes the others eat up.

It makes the meals much more interesting for everyone, and is a great help to me.

£1/1/- to "Mother Hubbard" (name supplied), Bathurst, N.S.W.

Spring Fashions 1955

The Spring Woman, as the Paris couturier sees her, is gay and elegant. Her figure is controlled, but not boned or cinched; her bosom is underplayed, but never suppressed.

THE cut of spring fashion will shape most of the news. Generally, daytime clothes are lithe, wearable, and stripped of trimming. Skirts are 15in. up from the ground. The willow-wand figure is the ideal.

Almost everywhere in Paris is the ensemble; dress-and-coat and dress-and-jacket far outnumber suits.

The dress beneath the coat (or jacket) is apt to be slender and sleeveless—or finished with just a scrap of sleeve. Necklines are high, often bateau in shape.

For spring Dior has firmly established his A-line.

The pinnacle of the "A" is a very narrow shoulder-line, from which point the body is closely fitted, gradually widening towards the hem. The bar of the "A" is the belt, which can be very high or very low.

Balenciaga changes fashion history with a three-quarter tunic worn over a narrow skirt. The tunic barely touches the

waist, is untrimmed, and has a clean grace suggesting the Far East.

Feminine, full-bosomed clothes exist, too. Genevieve Fath includes them in her collection.

Givenchy's clothes are full of youthful freshness and imagination. For daylight, lemon and orange shades have terrific chic, and brown-and-white is a smart city combination.

Dior calls his navy "summer black," Balmain uses dark stripes on white, and Balenciaga likes peanut-shell and pearly beiges, pure white, and electric-red.

From every Paris House come superbly beautiful evening clothes made in printed silk organdie, white pique, pastel satins, chiffon, and lace.

Flower trims again bloom.

After-dark skirt lengths vary greatly. Just-above-ankle-length looks fresh and chic. The floor-length evening dress is newest when narrow.

For the young and romantic there are numbers of very full, short-skirted designs.

The Paris rule for hats is very big or very small. A big hat looks wonderful with a lean, narrow suit.

Among the tiny shapes are flowery crescents, caps, and coifs, and lots of small, impudent hats trimmed with a single flower.

The most romantic hat in Paris is Balenciaga's large bell-shape made in black tulle, and the one with the most chic is a straw boater by Givenchy.

News from the ground up is often in black-and-white combined to make neat, narrow pump-like footwear.

The black-and-white combination continues into the evening. Black satin is seen in a narrow, tapered evening slipper finished with a high, narrow white heel. The more spectacular evening shoes are inlaid with fake jewels.

Colored beads decorate chic spring throats and wrists, and colored ear-rings are about to enjoy the smartest spring ever.

Every woman who has an ounce of fashion sense should include something white in her spring wardrobe. White has turned worldly and is no longer labelled "For debutantes only."

—Betty Keep



Dior



Givenchy



Fath



Manguin



Emphatically so !
Take Nylon Hosiery
for instance.
Nylon's natural elasticity
provides for stretch
and strain, sudden movements,
perfect fit . . . whilst
Nylon's resistance to abrasion
makes for longer every-day wear,
less damage from suspenders,
ability to stand knocks. But play your
cards properly . . . don't expect 9 or 12 denier
to wear like 15 or 30 denier . . . choose heavier
denier for normal day wear, 9 or 12 denier for
special occasions. Watch out for rough surfaces
that cause snags . . . wash after wearing
. . . and your Nylon Hosiery
will turn up trumps every time.

IN THIS MODERN WORLD

nylon

BELONGS



One of a series of advertisements dealing with the practical advantages of Nylon merchandise. Inserted by British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Mon., the suppliers of Nylon yarn and Nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.

NEW 1955 SHAPES



● Maggy Rouff uses milk-white silk jersey for the formal ball gown (above). The dress is superbly draped and column-slim. The wide, floor-length matching stole can be worn over the shoulders as illustrated, or as a "cover up" for less formal occasions. Long, stranded pearl earrings and matching hip ornaments complete a dramatic ensemble.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 10, 1955

... IN PURE WHITE

SPRING FASHIONS

● For the woman who is chic, white is news. See how many places it can go looking freshly new and spring-like. Note the elegance of the slimmed-down coat, the drama of formal white for the ballroom, and the utter flattery of white lace for a short-skirted party dress.



● Christian's Dior's city coat (above) is made in chalk-white shantung. The coat follows a favorite Dior silhouette—a version of the H-line.



● Pierre Balmain's short dance dress (above), made in white lace and prettily trimmed with a slotted white satin ribbon and bow.



● Givenchy's slender young and subtly proportioned town coat (above) is made in gabardine and worn with a matching flowerpot hat.

● Dessès trims a white organza theatre and late day coat (right) with bands of dark brown mink. The low-slung back belt is news.

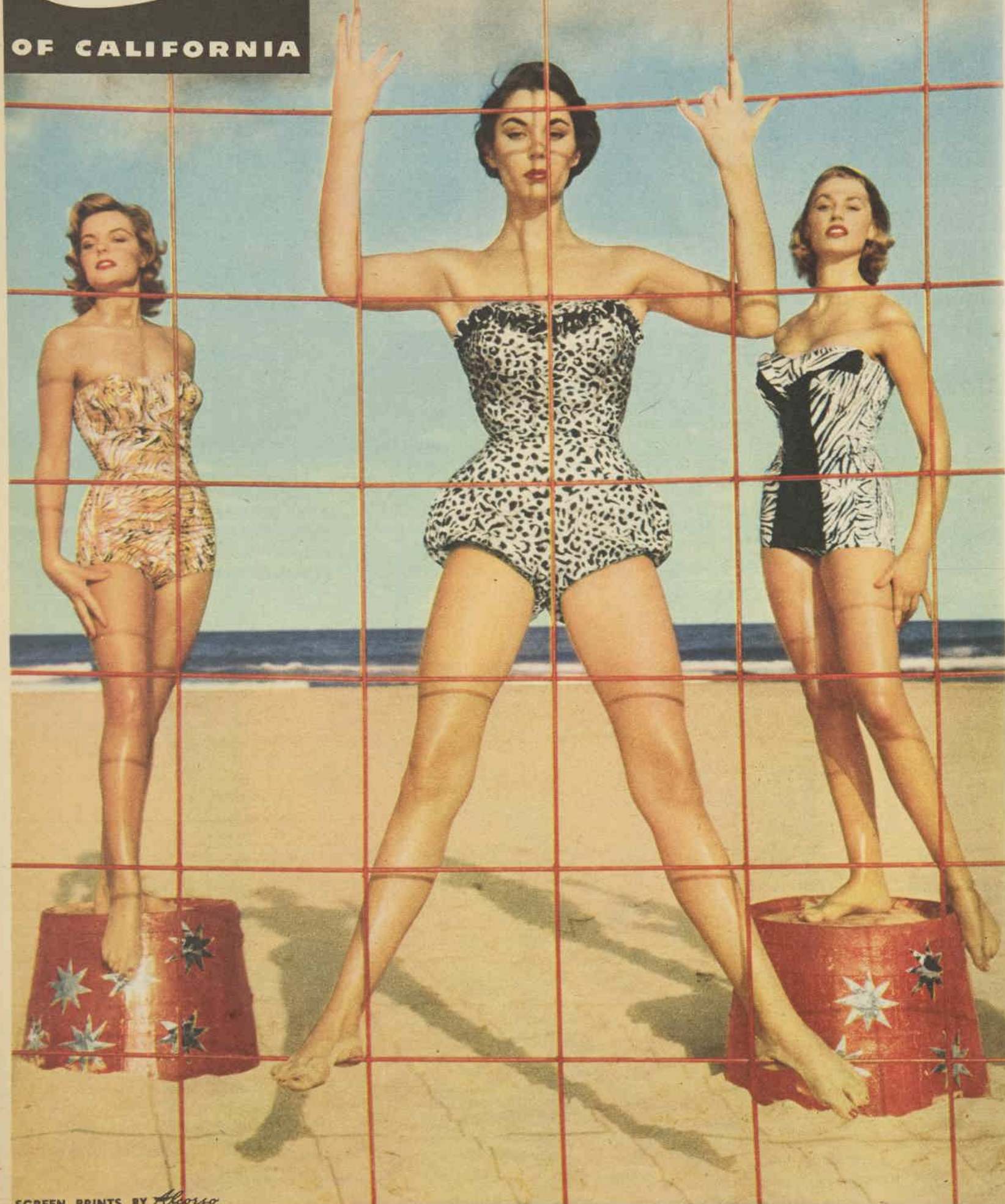


● Manguin designed the summer dress (above) in rough-textured cotton. The bodice top is sleeveless and skirt has unpressed pleats falling from a low waistline.

Cole
OF CALIFORNIA

THE FEMALE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Captured by Cole in new and exotic fur printed cottons!



SCREEN PRINTS BY *Alonso*
MADE AND DISTRIBUTED IN AUSTRALIA BY CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LIMITED.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 10, 1955

● The spring bride will dress in cascading drifts of chiffon, lace, and organza—and in elegant satin. Skirts will be full, but not bouffant (news this year). The bridal look is decidedly feminine and romantic.



● Filmy white chiffon edged with deep flounces of French lace is combined in a beautiful and formal bridal gown (above). The sweeping unadorned tulle veil is held in place by a simple wreath of white orange blossom.

● Romantic white lace dress (right) is buttoned from neckline to hem with tiny satin buttons. Matching satin is used for the wide skirt panels and pleated belt. A lace head scarf completes the ensemble.



● Ivory satin embroidered with silver thread and sequins is Castillo of Lanvin's choice for a bride. The silver hand-embroidered tulle veil is worn over an embroidered tulle wimple.



● Alternate layers of white and ice-blue tulle are chosen by Nina Ricci for the superb summer bridal dress (above). The blue tulle veil is edged with white, and held in place by creamy camellias.



● Beanstalk silhouette (above) is chosen by Givenchy for his dinner dress made in two parts. The collar on the jacket is vivid blue.

● Orange-and-white printed silk afternoon dress (right) by Lanvin-Castillo. The wide, fitted belt emphasises the new lowered waistline.



● Two-piece dress (above) in violet silk. The top is a lightly fitted version of the new overblouse. At right is an afternoon dress in spotted silk, clipped clean of frou-frou. Both models by Givenchy.



ROMANTIC BY NIGHT AND CHIC BY DAY

Shown here are seven Paris fashion plums picked for romantic evenings, for lunch in any smart restaurant, and for dinner and cocktails. Note how the daytime clothes are pared down to sharp simplicity, in direct contrast to the airy spring dance dresses — with skirts bouffant and floating prettily.



● Beauty in the romantic tradition (above), an ankle-length ballgown by Carven. The dress is made in turquoise and pink taffeta, has a dropped waistline, and enormous skirt.

● Prettiest short-skirted dance frock in Paris (left) is by Pierre Balmain. The dress combines silk organdie and matching tulle and is embroidered in pastel hand-made flowers.

● White organdie with panels of embroidered flowers is used by Carven for her short-skirted dance dress (right). The dress has a square neckline and knife-pleated skirt.



For
quick
relief
from
COUGHS
COLDS
SORE
THROAT
'FLU



Pleasant - tasting
Larynoids—a powerful,
effective, swift-acting pre-
scription for winter ills, are
approved and sold by chemists
throughout Australia.

Larynoids soothe inflamed membranes, swiftly
relieving soreness, irritation and congestion. They
prevent sore throats and coughs developing, stop
the spread of infection and protect you from more
serious ailments.

Safeguard yourself and your family. Take Larynoids
at the first sign of a cold, sore throat or chill and save
maybe weeks of unnecessary illness. Get your
packet TO-DAY!

WHERE LARYNOIDS ACT

1. **THROAT:** A cold results from millions of infective germs
multiplying in your throat. Larynoids kill their activity and prevent
them spreading to the—



2. **PHARYNX:** This area, when infected by
disease-spreading germs, becomes acutely
sensitive and sore. Larynoids' soothing in-
fluence penetrates to prevent infection
spreading to you—

3. **LARYNX:** This is the seat of hoarseness,
dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved
in time by Larynoids, infection may spread to
your—

4. **BRONCHIAL TUBES:** Here is the home of
bronchitis and other such stubborn infections.
Neglect to take Larynoids in time may affect
your health.

EVERYTHING WALCO MAKES IS GOOD

SOLD ONLY THROUGH CHEMISTS

who thoroughly recommend Lary-
noids as a safe, effective prescrip-
tion for relief of infections of the
throat, nose and chest. Larynoids
in the New Pack and with the new
pleasing flavour.



Manufactured by
THE WALCOT PTY. LTD.
Annandale, N.S.W.

Aust. Distributors: Life Savers (A/sia) Ltd.

WL3

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● Spring, fashion's most exciting season, is just
round the corner demanding new clothes. This
special "Dress Sense" gives you three wonderful
ideas for your spring wardrobe. They have been

chosen for their ad-
vanced spring styling.
Patterns may be ob-
tained from Mrs. Betty
Keep, "Dress Sense,"
Box 4088, G.P.O.,
Sydney.



● On the fashion scene
the new slimmed-down
one-piece is news. The
typical example (at left)
is made in black-and-
white check cotton, has a
moulded bodice, lean,
slender skirt, white choir-
boy collar, plus black
buttons, bow, and belt.
Fashion note: Black and
white should figure in
every smart spring and
summer wardrobe. Pat-
tern No. D.S.152, in sizes
32in. to 38in. bust. Re-
quires 3½yds. 36in.
material, ¼yd. 36in. con-
trast, and ½yd. 2in. ribbon.
Price, 3/9.



● One of the prettiest and youngest looks for spring
and summer party nights is the short-skirted party
dress, long-bodiced, lithe-waisted, and light as a
puff of wind. A dress in this fashion category is in-
terpreted (above) in a flowery organza printed in
coral-pink on white. The dress is worn over crisped-
out petticoats. Fashion note: The torso dress is the
prize catch of the season for flattery. Pattern No.
D.S. 151, in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds.
36in. material. Price, 3/9.



● The success jacket for spring, this season labelled
"Coat" because it is important enough to act as a
smart costume-maker. Fashion note: Make it in
peanut-biege, white, violet, or chocolate. Pattern
No. D.S. 150, in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires
2yds. 54in. material. Price, 4/6.

Beauty in brief:

GOOD GROOMING

● A bath is an everyday grooming
necessity that can become a beauty
treatment with the aid of inexpensive
preparations, such as bubble bath, bath
oil, Cologne, talcum powder, and so on.

SOMETIMES when you feel like it and have the
time to spare, why not treat yourself to a beauty
bath before going to bed? You'll be benefited and
relaxed.

The big thing is to ensure that everything needed
is within easy reach—a robe, nightdress, slippers,
and all the bath accessories.

You can draw a bath so that it will not steam the
whole bathroom by first running two or three inches
of cold water into the tub, then adding hot water as
required.

Several drops of scented bath oil or a dash of
Cologne swished around in the tub smooths and
faintly perfumes the skin and conditions the water
at the same time.

Usually a spoonful or two of bubble bath dissolved
in running water provides a frothy tub.

New shapes, both large and small, refresh the eye in every collection of spring millinery in Paris.

STRAW BOATER (right), designed by Givenchy, has a new kind of boater crown, flat but almost as wide as the brim. The trim is a ribbon band.

Rose Valois



MINUTE HAT (left) is from Rose Valois' "I've got a good idea back of my head" collection. This one is "Undone Chignon."



PARIS APPROVES (above) a wide-brimmed shape in white straw to wear with a slender suit. The hat from the Dior collection is banded in acid-green and designed to shade the brow.

FLOWERPOT CLOCHE (left), made in coarse rose-red straw trimmed with a matching velvet ribbon. A chic hat fashioned for a city life. At right is Dior's "pudding basin" in gold straw.



BALENCIAGA'S tiny hat (above) inspired, like so many Paris models, by abstract art. The design is made in satin and worn flat on top of the head.



Christian Dior

In these three hours your skin "dies" a little

In the 1 to 3 hour "danger periods" immediately after you wash your face, troublesome skin problems are apt to get their start, say dermatologists. Your skin is left "unbalanced", open to troubles such as dryness — cracking — enlarged pores.

After each washing — "rebalance" your skin . . .

In the 1 to 3 hour period it takes Nature to "rebalance" your skin after washing, even more distressing skin troubles can take hold. Tiny dry lines deepen. Inside moisture evaporates away.

Should you avoid washing your face?

"Of course not", say skin specialists. "But after each washing, 'rebalance' your skin instantly . . ."

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "rebalances" your skin within 1 minute — at

least 60 times faster than Nature. It restores skin elasticity, combats dryness and flaking. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

Every night at bedtime — a deep clearing and firm-up

Besides quick "rebalancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough cleansing each night. A deep Pond's Creaming dislodges stubborn dirt, keeps your skin looking fresh, young, vibrant. Begin this complete skin care with Pond's Cold Cream today. Very soon your friends will be telling you — "Your skin is looking wonderful these days".



Antonia Drexel Earle

"The instant I finish washing my face, I reach for my Pond's Cold Cream."
The world's most famous beauty formula — Pond's Cold Cream — in jars or tubes.



Serve guests
HOT CHOCOLATE
so easy to make

Serve something different for supper when friends call in! Give them delicious Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate—it's made in an instant. Simply stir two teaspoonfuls of Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate into each cup of hot milk (or milk and water). There's no sugar needed, for Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate is already sweetened. Try it—and see what a success it will be.



CADBURY'S
DRINKING CHOCOLATE
MADE IN AN INSTANT

Exclusive pictures



MOTHER OF THE QUADS enjoys the companionship of other mothers on the verandah at the Lady Chelmsford Hospital, Bundaberg. Left to right: Mesdames F. Harris, A. Cleve, S. R. Hunter, J. Onoprienka, R. McCarthy, Curran, and Mrs. Lucke. Mrs. Onoprienka has twin daughters, born on the same day as the quads, July 12.

First group pictures of the quads taken under medical supervision

Extraordinary precautions were taken by The Australian Women's Weekly to guard the health of the Lucke quads while they were being photographed for the first time as a group.

STAFF photographer William Carty was dressed in a sterilised gown and mask before he entered the special quad nursery.

Two hospital sisters were present all the time. On their advice no flashlights were used. The necessary photographic lights were thrown on to the ceiling to avoid any direct light in the babies' eyes.

The pictures on the page opposite are the only ones of the quads which have been taken with the consent of the parents and doctor and under the supervision of the hospital staff.

The babies were 15 days old when photographed. Until then their medical adviser, Dr. Eric Schmidt, refused his permission for the photographs which were to be arranged exclusively for us.

After signing a long-range contract with The Australian Women's Weekly, both Mr. and Mrs. Lucke said how they appreciated the way we have helped them.

"The Australian Women's Weekly is a lot more than a newspaper. It is a friend," Mrs. Lucke said.

"The small, friendly services I've been given by The Australian Women's Weekly have meant a lot to me, especially in the weeks before

my babies were born, when it was hard for me to do anything for myself.

"The paper has never asked for pictures or interviews without the doctor's permission, and has never worried me."

The babies' father said he was particularly grateful for the fact that we came to their help a month before the babies were born.

"That was when we really wanted help," Mr. Lucke said.

"My wife and I like the way The Australian Women's Weekly has presented the story of our babies."

"Though many other newspapers have written about us, and some have attacked us, none but The Australian Women's Weekly has offered us a helping hand."

Other pictures of the quads which appeared in some daily papers were taken without the permission or knowledge of the hospital authorities or the babies' parents.

Mrs. Lucke, mother of the quads, was visibly upset when she heard these unauthorised pictures had appeared.

She said: "I have given no permission to anyone yet to photograph my babies. When they are photographed it will be done by The Australian Women's Weekly photographer and no one else. I've

only seen all my babies twice myself, and then under the supervision of a sister. I can-



IN GOWN and mask, staff photographer William Carty enters the hospital nursery to take these exclusive new pictures of the Lucke babies.

not believe anyone would break into the nursery."

Sister Howard, sister in charge of Lady Chelmsford Hospital, where the Lucke babies are, was also gravely disturbed.

"The quads are the only babies in their nursery," she said, "and responsible sisters are on constant duty 24 hours a day. Except for two brief visits, each by Mr. and Mrs. Lucke, no layman has yet been allowed to enter the nursery. Even nurses and wardsmaids are forbidden."

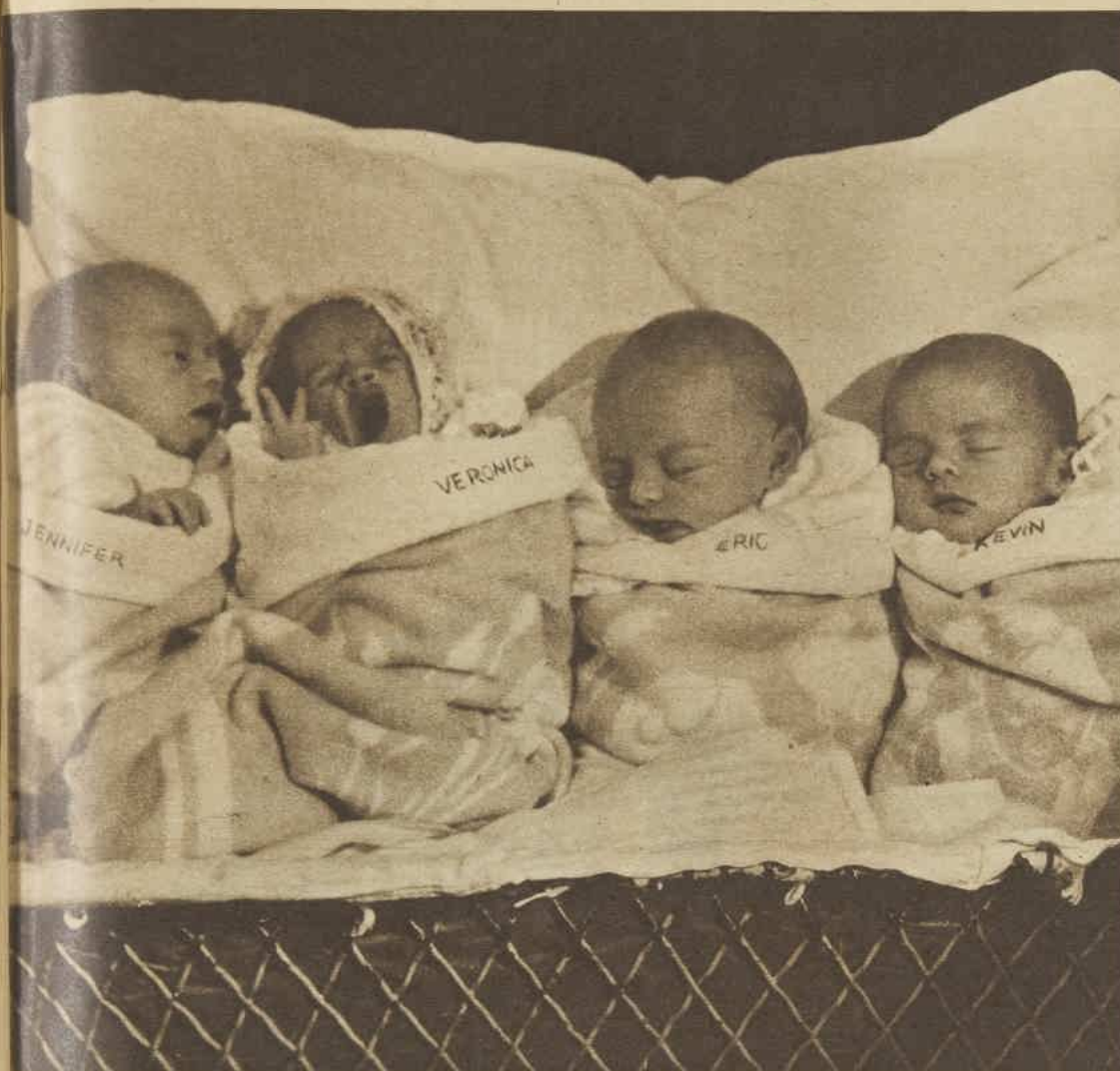
"The sister on duty does the cleaning as well as the nursing to avoid any possibility of disturbing the babies. The longest time the nursery is ever unattended would be for two or three minutes occasionally."

The quads' doctor, Dr. Eric Schmidt, said: "I had certainly given no one permission then to photograph the babies. I know the hospital keeps constant vigilance in the nursery, and I have perfect faith in the integrity of the staff."

"A photographer might get a picture of the interior of the nursery by climbing up to a fanlight, but no close-up of the babies could be taken from that angle."

"The taking of a close-up by an unauthorised person, wearing neither mask nor gown, could jeopardise the lives of the babies."

THE LUCKE QUADS



SEVENTEEN DAYS OLD. Left to right: Jennifer, Veronica, Eric, and Kevin. This lovely study was taken in the quads' nursery by staff photographer William Carty. These are the first pictures authorised by the hospital authorities since those taken by our photographer on the day of the quads' birth.



VERONICA, third and smallest of the quads, was still in her humidicrib when this earlier picture was taken.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 10, 1955



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CUTEX weave new colour magic
with "PINK 'N SWEET" . . . a pink as thrilling as a
new romance — designed for your prettiest, most romantic
moods ! If you're a girl who dresses to please men—
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in CUTEX "Stayfast" Lipstick—creamy smooth
and so glamorous on your lips ! Put it on—
blot gently with a tissue — and see the pretty results !
Then match up your fingertips with CUTEX "PINK 'N SWEET"
Nail Polish — gleaming and hard-wearing !

CUTEX "PINK 'N SWEET" Stayfast Lipstick, 4/6.
CUTEX "PINK 'N SWEET" Nail Polish, 2/11.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 10, 1955



MARCIA DAVENPORT, American author, relaxes in the garden of her villa on the shores of Lake Como, Italy. She has an apartment in New York, but lives mainly in Italy. Mrs. Davenport scored her first success with a biography of Mozart.

Hermits fascinate noted author

Novelist Marcia Davenport, author of our new serial, has long been a notable figure in New York literary life, and is now living in "active retirement" on her three-acre farm on the shores of Lake Como, in Italy.

"I USED to say I could never work anywhere but in the city," the author told an interviewer recently, "but I now live most of the year in the country."

Mrs. Davenport was born in New York in 1903, the daughter of Alma Gluck, one of the great lyric singers of her time. Her stepfather is the celebrated violinist Efrem Zimbalist.

While she was on the staff of "The New Yorker" magazine she married Russell Davenport, managing editor of "Fortune" magazine. They had two daughters before the marriage ended in divorce.

Mrs. Davenport's best-seller "My Brother's Keeper," which will be serialised in The Australian Women's Weekly, beginning in the issue of August

17, is a bizarre tale of two recluses.

It has many parallels with the true story of the Collyer brothers, who were found dead in 1947 in their old New York mansion. The house was packed from cellar to attic with fantastic quantities of junk.

Mrs. Davenport has always been fascinated by hermits and recluses and kept a large file of newspaper cuttings on the

Wrote our new serial

subject for many years before she began writing her novel.

"As a story-teller I am always intrigued by human beings who lock themselves up and finish their lives behind sealed windows and barricades of hoarded objects," she said.

"As a novelist I ask myself how they got that way. What were they like in youth, and what happened to them in

From **GEORGE McGANN,**
in New York

their active years that caused them to withdraw from life?

"Since these facts are almost never revealed in the news stories when they die, the imagination is challenged to get busy and supply the facts for itself.

"My Brother's Keeper" is that kind of exercise in imagination," she added.

Mrs. Davenport scored her first success as a writer with a biography of Mozart, published in 1932.

Her first novel, "Of Lena Geyer," which portrayed the career of a great singer, was enriched by Mrs. Davenport's own musical background. "The Valley of Decision," written in 1942, gave the

author her first big popular success. Greer Garson starred in the Hollywood version.

Mrs. Davenport locks herself in a room with a typewriter for six hours every day to write.

"I am a paper-tearer, a note-maker, and a pacer," she confessed. "There is almost no nap left on the carpet in my work-room.

"But when I finish writing for the day I like to use my hands. That is why I like cooking. I am a superb cook, and not in the least modest about it."

Although Mrs. Davenport still maintains an apartment in New York, she spends most of her time in Italy.

"It's a good life for my purpose," she explained.

"I have the time and the contemplative mood for reading, which has almost disappeared from life in postwar New York. I am alone most of the time, except for a Pekingese dog.

"My dog Bingo lies the Atlantic with me in the same seat with the utmost sangfroid. He has dignity and a quiet sense of humor. So have I."



POLICE hock their way through the junk-filled rooms of the Collyer mansion in New York. Marcia Davenport's new book has many parallels with the true story of the Collyer brothers, who were found dead in the house in 1947.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 10, 1955

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FAR RIGHT: PRINCETON SUNFROCK—A MATCHING JACKET GIVES
THIS FROCK TWO LIVES.

LEFT: SPHINX—PRETTIEST PRINT OF THE SEASON, IN POPLIN COTTON.
RIGHT: PRINCETON SEPARATES—DURABLY PLEATED SKIRT WITH
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Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

So many requests for penfriends have come in that this week I have listed below the maximum that space allows. Each week, in future, I will try to publish a few requests.

HERE is this week's first problem letter:

"I have been going with a boy for a few weeks, but I don't love him. He thinks we are going steady, but I am too young to be too serious with him. He's 17 and I'm 15. I don't want to hurt him, but it would be better than just walking out on him. Can you tell me what I should do?"

Blue Eyes, Wollongong, N.S.W.

As you say, telling him the truth will be less hurtful than just walking out on him.

Don't take the blame. Don't say, for instance, "I'm sorry I gave you the wrong impression." An apology will put you at a disadvantage and give him an opportunity to make a scene.

Instead, say, quite accusingly, "You've got the wrong impression. We're not going steady. I'm only 15 and that's too young to be serious about any boy."

Soften it by explaining that you like him very much and that you're always pleased to see him or go out with him. But make quite sure he understands that you're not his girl.

"COULD you help me with my problem through your page? I am in my early twenties. My eyes have very deep hollows, especially in the top lids, thus giving them a sunken appearance. Is there anything I could do to fill them out any more, as this makes one look quite haggard and old?"

Bright Eyes, Rockhampton, Qld.

For immediate relief, try a careful make-up. Carolyn Earle, our beauty expert, says that a little skin-toned foundation cream applied to the eye area and powdered over lightly would best relieve the hollow look.

She advises also—and this seems very sound advice—that

you have a health check. Hollows and dark rings round the eyes may be due to an internal condition, or perhaps to just not enough sleep, fresh air, exercise, and relaxation.

Penfriends

"I WOULD very much like to have a penfriend in your country. I have always been interested in Australia and would like to learn more about it by corresponding with an Australian. The penfriend may be of either sex as long as he or she is about my own age, which is 21. My interests include reading, music, and writing."

Doreen Watson, 13 Red Lane, Coventry, Warwickshire, England.

DISC DIGEST

HERE'S a turn-up! Another LP called "Deep in My Heart" follows up the film soundtrack version, but this consists of favorites from the works of Sigmund Romberg played by the Hollywood Bowl Pops Orchestra under Johnny Green (330SX.7523).

EACH of the six bands on this 12-inch microgroove record could well make up an attractive record in itself. Surely the most wanted section will be selections from "The Student Prince," which introduces six of that show's songs, including the famous "Serenade." There follows a potpourri of the fragrant waltzes from "Viennese Nights," the film that smashed all box-office records and introduced Vivienne Segal and Walter Pidgeon many years ago. "Blossom Time" selections present the music of

Schubert, rearranged and given lyrics for the play on the composer's life, and then comes the music from "My Maryland," Romberg's big show of 1927. "Faithfully Yours" and "American Humoresque" (an excursion into the modern tone poem field) round off a record which for sheer melody and fine performance could hardly be equalled. Let's hope that Johnny Green makes a companion record of the lyrical music from "Maytime," "Desert Song," and "New Moon," all, of course, by the same composer.

ALTHOUGH the theatre organ has never been a favorite instrument of mine, there are many people who like its versatile qualities. They would do well to listen to "Melody Time" by organist Ken Griffin on a 10-

R. HUNTSMAN, 83 Miller Street, North Sydney, N.S.W., would like to write to one or two people in the Forces aged about 20 or 21.

RITA HAWKINS, 2 Paterson Street, Ainslie, Canberra, A.C.T., would like a penfriend in Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, or Western Australia. Rita is 16 and says, "I am an invalid in a wheelchair and like writing letters."

PRIVATE E. H. WANZER, 4/1138, A/1k, Pl., Sp. Coy., 1 R.A.R., BAPO3, Korea. Edward Wanzer is just 21, and would like letters—especially from his hometown, Adelaide—as "a bright spot in a humdrum world."

inch LP, numbered 330S.1037. Ken's programme is well varied, and the tunes should have a wide appeal. Two come from Irving Berlin, "Always" and "All Alone," which contrast with that cheeky tune "The Syncopated Clock."

"Because" and "When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver" are sober, their seriousness offset by "Sleepy Time Gal" and pert "Louise," the tune that established Chevalier as a film idol. Finally, there is "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "Side By Side," and "In An 18th Century Drawing-room," here attributed to Raymond Scott, but someone forgot that it derives from portion of a Mozart sonata. However, why worry? The music is the thing, and there's plenty of that in this happy record.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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... until I saw Jean's
PERSIL-WHITE BLOUSE"



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PERSIL WASHES WHITER—
that means cleaner!

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Just for that, young man, you can go right upstairs without your dinner."

BUTCH



"Oh, darn!"

OUR COOKERY CONTEST

THE Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Contest in aid of the Barnardo Homes in Australia is winning amazing response.

Prizes worth more than £2000, including the grand champion prize of a Standard 10 Cadet car, a Crosley automatic Shelvador refrigerator, an electric stove, a washing machine, four pressure-cookers and four vacuum-cleaners, have attracted a flood of entries.

The entire proceeds from the contest will go to help the worth-while cause of the Barnardo Homes in Australia.

There are five sections in the contest, and you can enter as many recipes as you like in any or all sections. The sections are:

1. Cakes and biscuits
2. Desserts
3. Main dish of meat or fish
4. Buffet dishes
5. Best entry submitted by a man in any section

Please write, print, or type each entry clearly on separate sheets of paper, give exact measurements for ingredients, specify the type of ingredient (whether granulated or castor sugar, self-raising or plain flour, etc.), and give clear directions for making, including cooking time and number of serves.

You can hear more about the contest and the work of

the Barnardo Homes on the Del Cartwright Show, broadcast from Station 2CH at noon each Monday, Tuesday, Wed-

nesday, and Thursday. In other States, local commercial radio stations will be able to supply information.

These are the prizes

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE

for best entry in any section

A STANDARD 10 CADET car with registration and third party insurance paid for 12 months, valued at approximately £909.

GRAND CHAMPION SECOND PRIZE

A 10-cubic-foot CROSLY AUTOMATIC SHELVDOR refrigerator, valued at approximately £220.

SECTIONAL PRIZES FIRST PRIZES

Section 1.
An English Electric Ritemp automatic range, valued at £120.

Section 2.
National of California venetian blinds, valued at £100.

Section 3.
A Wilkins Servis Superheat washing machine, valued at £116.

Section 4.
An H.M.V. "Intermezzo" three-speed radiogram, valued at 109 guineas.

Section 5.
Wardrobe of Anthony

Squires men's clothes, to a total value of £100.

SECOND PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.
A Hoover cylindrical vacuum-cleaner, valued at £36.

Section 5.
A Sunbeam Shave-master, valued at £14.

THIRD PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.
A Sunbeam Mixmaster, valued at approximately £27/6/.

FOURTH PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.
A Sunbeam Cooker and Deep Fryer unit, valued at approximately £17/10/.

FIFTH PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.
A Namco "Magician" pressure-cooker, valued at £6/18/6.
(No third, fourth, or fifth prizes will be awarded in Section 5).

CONSOLATION PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.
£5 worth of Revlon beauty products.

PROGRESS PRIZES

A £10 prize will be awarded each week.

HOW YOU MAY ENTER

1. Write, type, or print each recipe on a separate sheet of paper.

2. Write or print your name clearly at the top of each sheet of paper containing a recipe entered in the contest.

3. Write clearly at the top of each sheet the section in which the recipe is entered.

4. Attach one 1/- stamp to each recipe submitted.

5. You can send in as many entries as you wish in any or

all of the five sections, but remember that each recipe must be accompanied by a 1/- stamp.

6. Mark envelope containing your entry, "The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Contest."

7. Send your entries, with stamps attached, to—
BOX 7052,
G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Full proceeds from the contest will go to the Barnardo Homes.

CONDITIONS

Members of the staff of Consolidated Press and allied companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges and no correspondence will be entered into about the judges' decision.

Closing date of this contest will be September 30, 1955.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RU



MOUNT BUFFALO, Victoria (above), from the lookout near the Chalet and overlooking the forests of the Ovens Valley. Mount Buffalo, 5645 feet high, is a noted ski-ing resort in winter; in summer there is swimming in Lake Catani. Picture is by Mrs. M. Maccioni, Meadowbrook, N.S.W.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

See page 40 for details of Beautiful Australia Gift Book

TWEED RIVER (below) at Murwillumbah, in northern New South Wales. Mount Warning, 3840 feet, which overlooks the town, was named by Captain Cook because it warned him of Point Danger at the mouth of the Tweed River. Picture was taken by Barrie Virtue, of Lismore, N.S.W.



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- ♥ Complexion clearer — more radiant

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*By far the finest
polish ever made
for shoes*

*SPECIAL blending of its waxes to
a NEW, better formula makes it so



**EASIEST TIN IN THE WORLD TO OPEN
LOOK FOR THE HANDY LEVER
BUILT INTO EVERY 'NUGGET' TIN**

HP55/2

WHICH DO YOU LIKE?



SIMON ELWES' painting of the Queen (left) which the Royal Academy gave the place of honor at its Spring Exhibition. Elwes' prices range from 1600 to 4000 guineas for a full-length portrait.

ANNIGONI'S portrait of the Queen (above), acclaimed as one of the most beautiful ever painted of her, was relegated to a side room. The portrait is said to be the Royal Family's favorite.

Controversial paintings of Queen caused Royal Academy stir

"I am told I can paint the souls of people. I never try to get a good likeness," said Simon Elwes, who painted the portrait of the Queen which appears on our cover this week.

ELWES was commissioned to paint the portrait by the President and officers of the Wardroom Mess, the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth.

When the portrait was hung for inspection in the Wardroom Mess before being sent to this year's Royal Academy Spring Exhibition, the officers were delighted with it.

"We have a real portrait of a Queen," they said. "One that will grow on us."

Critics, however, did not agree. They were angry when the Elwes portrait received the place of honor at the Academy and the Annigoni portrait, which appeared on our cover on May 4, was relegated to a side room.

One critic, speaking of Elwes' portrait, said it didn't compare with Annigoni's, that it wasn't a good likeness, and that it made the Queen look ten years younger than she is. We publish it now in color for the first time in Australia by special arrangement.

Elwes was acclaimed Coronation Year Artist for the portraits he painted during that year (1953) of the Queen and her sister.

He spent a great deal of time that year at Windsor Castle, where the paintings were done, and the Queen jokingly referred to him as the Serjeant of Painters.

This title is now obsolete. In Henry VIII's reign the jobs of the Serjeant of Painters included painting the palace gates.

Behind the Elwes story is

a saga of disaster, near defeat, and courage. Elwes was a war artist, and when he returned from service in 1945 he contracted thrombosis, which paralysed his right side.

After a partial recovery he began painting with his left hand.

"It took me 26 years to learn to paint with my right hand," he told me. "It took only a year to switch to the left hand."

Elwes has often been called the "raconteur with a brush," and all the time he was painting the Queen they chatted and laughed.

Annigoni, on the other hand, preferred the Queen not to talk. If she did speak he immediately stopped work and resumed again when the Queen closed the conversation.

The Queen gave Elwes 11 sittings of more than two hours each at his St. John's Wood studio.

His portrait shows the Queen in a gown of white and blue, wearing the Star and Riband of the Garter. On her head she is wearing the diadem her grandmother, Queen Mary, wore.

"I am so pleased you wanted me to wear my diadem," the Queen told Elwes. "It is so easy to put on. No more trouble than putting on a hat. I have to have my hair done specially when I am wearing a tiara."

At the studio, the Queen met Johnstone, Elwes' white sealyham, who is always at his side. Johnstone is the third sealyham who has lived at the studio. The first one

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London office

was Smith and the second one Johnson.

And on another memorable day he presented his Italian cook.

"It happened this way," Simon Elwes said. "The drapes against which I was painting the Queen fell and Maria came in to help me arrange them again."

"Realising Maria was absolutely stunned, I said, 'Ma'am, would you say something, for we must immediately dispel Maria's doubts that she isn't seeing something, otherwise my cook will die, and she is a very good cook.'"

"The Queen, smiling, bent down and gave her hand to Maria. Maria kissed her hand and sank into a deep curtsy. Overcome by the occasion, she could only keep repeating, 'I am very appy.'"

Elwes, a simple man, hates to be called a "society artist," but by birth and ancestry he belongs to society.

His mother was Lady Winifred Fielding, daughter of the eighth Earl of Denbigh; his father, Gervase Elwes, was in the diplomatic corps, and used to sing at parties.

"My mother had all the drive of the Hapsburgs, whose blood runs in her veins," Elwes told me. "She thought my father's career was not good enough and made him what he became—a great tenor."

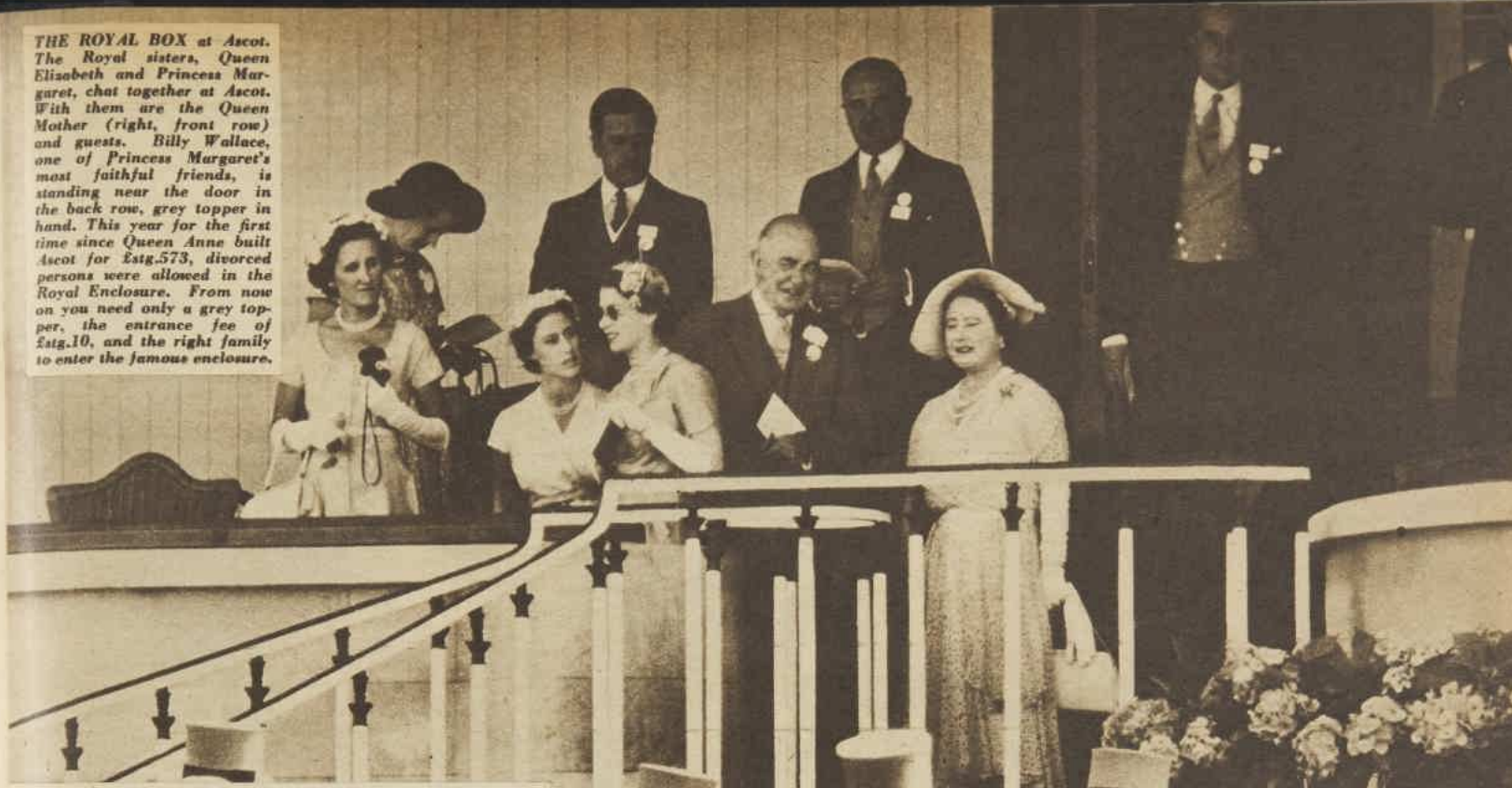
With the Queen's permission, Elwes one day presented to her Commander Ian McGeogh, who actually commissioned the painting on behalf of his fellow officers.

"It is my duty occasionally to give the loyal toast," McGeogh said after the meeting. "Now I shall know what I am talking about."



SIMON ELWES photographed in his St. John's Wood studio while he was painting the Queen's portrait. He painted the Queen's elaborate gown from the dummy in the background.

THE ROYAL BOX at Ascot. The Royal sisters, Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, chat together at Ascot. With them are the Queen Mother (right, front row) and guests. Billy Wallace, one of Princess Margaret's most faithful friends, is standing near the door in the back row, grey topper in hand. This year for the first time since Queen Anne built Ascot for Estg.573, divorced persons were allowed in the Royal Enclosure. From now on you need only a grey topper, the entrance fee of Estg.10, and the right family to enter the famous enclosure.



THE QUEEN with the Duke of Norfolk, 48, England's premier Duke and Earl, who investigates every application for the Royal Enclosure.



STILL with Norfolk, the Queen seems anxious for his words. Liveried attendants in the Royal Enclosure watch women guests carefully. They are publicly rebuked if they smoke.



The Queen at Royal Ascot

● Queen Elizabeth always seems to enjoy herself at the races. A delightful ease and informality always seem to possess her when she attends a race meeting, particularly when her own horses are running.



THE QUEEN adjusts her stocking seam in a quiet moment in the Royal Box. Her dress, unusually styled in blue-green shantung, was much admired. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is not as devoted to racing as the Queen, was unable to be present. All photographs on this page by George Varjas, of Reflex Press, London.



THE KING GEORGE V STAKES at Ascot was won by the Queen's colt Jardiniere. The Queen, above, points to the start of the race.



PRINCESS MARGARET straightens the Queen's skirt. Two days before, there was a sensation when a girl wore an exact copy of the Queen's floral dress Hartnell made for her Norway tour.

Now!—two radiant new shades!

in today's one perfect make-up

Angel Face

by POND'S



Gypsy Angel

A wonderful, deep, rosy-brunette Angel Face shade to bring vibrance and warmth to your complexion. Shown above in the pretty ivory-and-golden Mirror Case that costs only... **12/6**



Pink Angel

For this season's new "pink and radiant" look, Pond's brings you Angel Face in a glowing rosy-peach. Smooth as velvet, never drying—Angel Face is delicate powder and foundation in-one.



The Angel Face Plastic Case—this slim ivory-and-golden case (with its own puff) tucks into your pocket or purse. It's only...

4/11



Compare Angel Face with heavy, greasy foundations that just *will* turn shiny and oily-looking on your skin. Angel Face by Pond's soft-tones your face with delicate, clinging colour (there's a shade just *made* for you!) because it is permeated through and through with vaporized beauty oils.



Compare Angel Face with ordinary face powders—either loose or "pressed". Angel Face, with vaporized beauty oils, never gives a chalky, powdery look. Can't spill!



Pond's creamy-smooth powder and foundation in-one in the ivory-and-golden *Mirror Case*

A complete compact, the Angel Face Mirror Case features full-view mirror and soft, velour puff. You'll be proud to carry this pretty handbag accessory everywhere.



TOBOGGAN RIDE is great fun for Peter McGuinn, especially with such willing helpers as Jean Leopold (left) and Ann Alexander.



SETTING OUT on a trek through the snow to Kunama Hutte on the Main Range are Ski Club of Australia members (from left) Gillian Ashton, of Binda, Michael Osborne, of Bungendore, Dr. Betty Lark, and Ross Allen.

In the Snow AT KOSCIUSKO



FROM THE CHALET BALCONY Dr. George Selby photographs Charlotte Pass, watched by Evelyn Kennedy-Smith, of Chatswood. They're both members of the Kosciusko Alpine Club.



HEAVY SNOWSTORM doesn't deter Patricia Harvey-Sutton (left) and Mrs. James Crawford as they leave the Ski Club of Australia lodge.



CRUTCHES REPLACE SKI STOCKS for Paul Reader, who broke his leg ski-ing. Paul is helped along by Marie (left) and Ann Loneragan.



UPHILL. Passengers on the Chalet ski tow, bound for Pulpit Rock, are Gordon Douglass and Mrs. Bedford Osborne, of Gundaroo. Pictures on this page were taken by Douglass Baglin.



A FRIEND IN NEED. Antonia Blaxland gets some assistance from Pat Forbes after a fall in the snow. Both are Ski Club of Australia members.



SOMETHING NEW IN SKI HATS are worn by Ski Club of Australia members Diana Dawson (left), in a cap a la Sherlock Holmes, and Mrs. Thynne Reid, whose hood was cosily fur-lined.

Navy Orders

● For Spring there are new colors, long jackets, A-line coat-dresses, pastel colored suits with barely defined waists, and dark and light stripes. There are huge straight hats and minute hats worn on "buns". The newest line of all is Balenciaga's tunic.



● Givenchy's pastel blue short-jacketed suit (above) with a waistline barely defined. The hat is worn at the new tilt, on the back of the head.



● Dior's A-line suit in pink linen (right) illustrates one of the virtues of the easy-line jacket—it creases less easily at the waist than a figure-hugging design.

● Gres' slender two-piece (centre right) made in navy jersey designed with a long, fitted, beltless jacket and knife pleats swirling out the skirt.



● Manguin's coat frock (far right) looks chic and new in violet stripes. The silhouette scarcely touches the waistline. The hat is worn straight.

Paris Notes



● Dior's slender-line jacket suit (above) is enormously popular in Paris. The single-breasted jacket covers a low-necked, short-sleeved one-piece.

● Balenciaga's tunic line (left), the season's newest development, is only for the tall and slender. The tunic is back-belted and the skirt very slim.

● Madeline de Rauch's striped flannel suit (far left) is typical of another chic Paris line, the boxy coat and slim skirt. The coat has a low-placed belt.

Dorothea Johnston

"It took me only 10-seconds to do all this washing!"



How to do 12 lbs. of washing in 10-seconds

Drop in the clothes and turn on cold water.

START

Shake in Rinso.

Set the dials.

Press the button.

and GO!

10 SEC.

"The miracle machine that did it all? My Malleys Automatic 12"

says Mrs. R. Roberts, of Sydney

"IMAGINE ME OWNING A DREAM WASHING MACHINE LIKE THIS ONE"

"I've always dreamed of having an automatic washing machine—but until now, they've always needed a big hot water system. I heard there was an automatic washer that heated its own water; my husband and I went to see it straight away. It was love at first sight! Then, when we learned it actually cost less (and less to run!) than the earlier automatic machines that needed a hot water system—we bought it then and there!"

12 LBS. CAPACITY

"My Malleys Automatic 12 does in two loads (a week's wash) what would mean three loads in any other automatic washer. It has the biggest capacity in Australia."

BOILS THE CLOTHES

"My Malleys gets even the dirtiest clothes cleaner than ever before," added Mrs. Roberts. That's because after she presses the button, Malleys Automatic Twelve pre-soaks the clothes... washes them for up to 15 minutes in boiling water (or any temperature she selected)... gives them a deep, warm water rinse... then two live cold water rinses with a spin dry after each rinse... then "air tumbles" the clothes ready to take out... and switches itself off. All this whilst she's out shopping!

SHOW THIS TO HUBBY

Malleys Automatic Twelve is installed free to approved sites. Powered by 2 motors; no gears, no clutch or other wearing parts. You can quickly do its lubrication.

WHERE TO SEE IT

Your Malleys dealer will gladly give you a courteous demonstration of Malleys Automatic Twelve and quote his easy terms. Full price: 171 gns. There is also an economically-priced SEMI-Automatic model with single dial control for 142 gns. Both prices slightly higher in country areas.

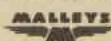
FREE FOLDER

Post this coupon to Malleys Limited for a free folder giving the complete story on Malleys Automatic Twelve. Sydney: 50 Mountain St., Broadway, Nth. Melbourne: 91 Leveson St. Brisbane: 487 Adelaide St. Adelaide: Box 1965P, G.P.O. Perth: G. Randall & Co., 114 Murray St. Lonsdale: Little & Collins, 54 Brisbane St. Hobart: Little & Collins, 13 Gladstone St.



MALLEYS

A GREAT NAME IN INDUSTRY



Continuing . . . Red Hot Gusher

from page 9

first white-fur bathing suit, back in the first days when she was still a very small piece of movie cheesecake. She's a fine girl; and it's no fault of hers that the Lord made her beautiful. So when I got to town and rang her this morning, I wasted no time in palaver.

"Flame, honey," I said, "this is Uncle George; what is this TV nonsense all about?"

"Oh, George," she said, "how wonderful to hear your voice. Where are you?"

And in a matter of minutes I was cabbng out through Tulsa's surprisingly lush South Side, and then we pulled up to a sort of junior ranch, and I was at the residence of the Bob Morleys.

A uniformed maid met me at the door, and I said that I was Mr. George Seibert.

And then Flame came flying in, like a redheaded bonbon, and we fell into each other's arms. Dick, I like that woman.

Then Bob came in, and, as you know, he's just the nicest guy you ever met. Tall and lean.

And we went into one of their many living-rooms and sat down, and in fifteen minutes I had this whole situation in hand. Not the solution, just the situation.

Because, Dick, there's just no solution to this one, at least not for us. This is strictly a family affair, and, as anyone knows, you mess into anything like that at your own peril.

Just as I thought, Flame hasn't double-crossed anybody. All she's trying to do is to get even with her own children.

I've heard about this same problem lately from other happily retired lady movie stars. Suddenly all their old movies start being shown on television; and they say to the children with a mixture of shock and pride, "That's Mommy, dears. That's Mommy when she was a movie star."

And what usually happens certainly happened to Flame. All the kids said was, "Anhhh." It is very hard to impress children, particularly your own. Flame's kids, Jack and Button, eleven and eight, would have none of this nonsense. "Sure you were a movie star," they said. "So was Lucille Ball, but she's also a television star. And what's more, Johnny's uncle's got her autograph!"

Well, you can naturally take only so much off your children. Even a mother has some pride. And as picture after picture of Flame's came back on television—to haunt her with Jack and Button and their friends saying, "Couldn't we please turn it to Lucille Ball?"—Flame began to get a little irked.

And though she knew it was foolish, she finally decided that she would have to show the little demons that Mama was still in business. She would star in her own television programme, and she would do it right from her own home, with the little dears not only looking on but participating so that there would henceforth be no question as to what was what and who was who around here. Think that Mama was a has-been, would they?

The fact this being that when Flame saw you at that party in Hollywood, her plans were already well under way.

She'd called up the writer of her best pictures, Geoffrey Tweed, had him hire the best TV writer available, and the two of them had flown to Tulsa and worked with her for two months on the idea for the programme. A family-situation comedy, but a brand-new and completely different one—one that would show people the somewhat more solid family life that goes on in the heart of this country.

Bob also has a huge cow ranch up at Bartlesville, so

the programme will be Bob and Flame and the kids not only playing hide-and-seek among the oil wells, but also mixed up in the cowboy and cow business, giving the programme all sorts of good stuff to interest kids young and old.

Bob, oddly enough, is all for it. If she wants to do it, he says, it's fine with him.

Oh—I haven't told you why Flame hired away all your stable of technical geniuses. After the programme was all set and they were just about ready to go, she woke up one morning, thought of what she was about to undertake, and was suddenly scared pea-green. What would all her old fans think of her? How would she look? A little of that, and the ice water suddenly ran through her veins.

And that's when she called up Hollywood in great haste, with money no object, and hired all her old crew. They'd always made her look wonderful, and with them around she could get her confidence back.

And, Dick, she's promised to return the whole bunch of them just as soon as this TV show of hers is a success. And in the meantime I think you'll agree that there's absolutely nothing that we can or should do about it. Doing anything to spoil this deal would be meaner than putting itch powder on the Venus de Milo.

Best, George.

George Seibert, Hotel Tulsa, Tulsa, Okla.

May I wish you every success in your new career as a marriage counsellor. How touching. But may I remind you that I am a needy case too. And I am about to get canned out here like a quart of Bob Morley's own oil. Also, there's no surety at all that we'd get those people back. Once out in the free world they might find they don't need us. Also, if they show those TV lunkheads a couple more elementary tricks, such as how to light a scene without washing out all the actors' faces, we're dead anyway. So if you can possibly tear yourself away from your lovelorn column, pick up the sledgehammer and whale away. Our Tulsa objective remains the same—hideous skulduggery. I want everything possible done to aid those people to complete failure.

Richard L. Reed.

Hotel Tulsa, Tulsa, Oklahoma, July 29, 1954. Air Mail.

Mr. Richard L. Reed, Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Dick: Well, sir, let me be the first to admit that for once you were right. Believe me, you don't have to worry any more about this one. I'm going to clobber this Flame dame's plans. How could I ever have liked that girl? What a mean woman. Whew.

What do you think that director, Wallace Ward, has done? Not being used to the folksy ways of television, he would have none of Flame's ideas of having her own children play themselves on the programme; and he's now tested them, found them wanting, and canned them.

"I'm sorry," he said to Flame, "but they won't do. They don't look like your children, in the first place, and they can't act at all—why, they act like children." And he shunted them rudely aside and dispatched a fast wire to New York for two pro kids to play the roles.

Leaving poor little Jack and Button standing most woebegone in a far corner of the

proceedings. We don't look like Mama's children their tearful little eyes say. All they know is that something pretty haywire is happening around here, and they don't like it.

And Flame, their own mother, is letting Wallace Ward get by with it. Boy, when you get a whiff of that fame dust, all else goes out the window. Flame looks unhappy about it, but she's still letting Wallace Ward do it.

But what's worse is Bob's attitude. How I could have liked that guy I can't imagine. He seems just tickled to pieces. He just walks around with a sappy smile on his face and says, "If it's okay with her, it's okay with me."

Well, it isn't okay with me. This is basically a nice family, Jack and Button are two fine little kids, and if nobody else around here will protect their interests, I will. Starting tomorrow morning, I intend to pull the plug out of that woman's bath water.

In fact, I have already started. I have quietly told Joe Crain that Al Neff is trying to get him fired, and quietly told Al that Joe is trying to get him fired, and quietly told Art Bristol that they're both trying to get him fired; and I've quietly told Lily Lake that she ought to get more rest, because Wallace Ward has been saying that she looked so old.

And I'm going to spend the night thinking up something to tell Bob quietly in the morning. Also, I have a feeling that some of these cameras and lights around here are apt to start breaking down. Some of them sure look weak to me. Actually, that whole power line into the place looks a little weak. They may end up having to try to make these films by candlelight.

At any rate, don't give this one another thought. Because Miss Flame Dawn's TV career is about to breathe its last.

As ever, George.

George Seibert, Hotel Tulsa, Tulsa, Okla.

Heavenly days, quick, stop all shenanigan activity at once. Do nothing to impede that splendid project. Have just learned of shattering complication. Don't even get out of bed till you get air-mail special now on way. Whew. . . . Dick.

FEDERAL PICTURES, Hollywood, Calif. From Richard L. Reed, Director of Publicity.

July 20, 1954.

Air-Mail Special.

Mr. George Seibert, Special Representative, Federal Pictures, Hotel Tulsa, Tulsa, Okla.

Dear George:

Boy, how glad I am that I caught you before you'd done anything drastic.

George, this whole world would be so simple if it weren't for a few basic problems, such as how to deal with poor people and how to deal with rich people. I sometimes think it's even more troublesome to try to deal with rich people. You try to do some rich person a simple little dirty trick, and it turns out that his uncle owns the gas company and you end up having to cook your own goose in the fireplace.

In other words, when I went into Mr. Bentley's office this morning and intimated that I had figured out a way to disconnect Flame's aerial and get our technical hands back, I barely escaped with my life.

It seems that this Bob Morley has an older brother named Tom, who owns even more oil wells than Bob; and the hideous fact is that Tom has recently bought the controlling

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interest in Interstate Theatres, and now owns not only all the theatres in Louisiana but practically all the theatres in the original Louisiana Purchase. And at this very instant Bentley is hip-deep in a vast deal to get Interstate to install our variety of wide screens and special projectors in around four thousand of their theatres.

If I had done anything to anger the Morley clan and upset this monumental coup, my permanent address would henceforth have been the nearest graveyard. Whew. Anyway, whatever you do, don't do anything further at the moment. We'll have to think up a completely new approach.

Hasty regards,
Dick.

Richard L. Reed,
Federal Pictures,
Hollywood, Calif.

Why, of course I'd forgotten all about Tom Morley. He's the key to this whole problem. Leaving at once for New Orleans to see him. And don't worry about your little wide-screen deal. When I get through they will install at least a dozen in each theatre.

George

Mr. Tom Morley,
Interstate Theatres Inc.,
New Orleans.

Quick, sir. One of our most trusted employees, a man named George Seibert, has suffered an unfortunate nervous attack from overwork. No, that's ridiculous. Anyway, he's suffered an unfortunate nervous attack from something, and is on his way to see you with some sort of fanciful tale. Seibert is not dangerous, so treat him kindly. The minute he arrives have four or five large men jump on him and pin him to the floor like a pyjama pattern and then call me.

Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity,
Federal Pictures.

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Federal Pictures,
Hollywood, Calif.

There must be some mistake, Mr. Reed. Your Mr. Seibert did call on me this morning, but it was just in regard to a little family matter. And he was most helpful. By the way, ask Bentley how soon we can get those projectors and screens. After talking to Mr. Seibert I think we'll want a few extra ones. For maybe a couple hundred more theatres. I'll write Bentley about it. Just wanted to let you know that there was no trouble here. Regards.

Tom Morley

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Federal Pictures,
Hollywood, Calif.

Yes, Richard, whatever did you mean by that crazy wire to Morley? But it's all right; he understood perfectly as soon as I told him about all the trouble you've been having. The bad gall bladder and all. Anyway, everything in Louisiana and Oklahoma just fine, as you'll discover in air-mail letter practically on way. Love.

George

Hotel Tulsa
Tulsa, Oklahoma
August 1, 1954
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal
Pictures,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Dick:

Dick, what an amazing interview that turned out to be yesterday morning with Mr. Morley. The reason I went to see him, of course, was simple. The instant you mentioned him, my filing-cabinet mind recalled that Tom had married a movie star himself. Twenty years ago, as I suppose you will now remember, he married Madge

Terry, who preceded Flame on the calendars.

Their marriage has been utterly successful. They've been as happy as two bees in a florist's shop, they've raised three wonderful kids, and it was immediately self-evident that in Tom I had the perfect person to go to for some really sound advice on how to handle this Flame crisis.

And he turned out to be the right guy, all right. What a smart man. You know how he told me to handle it? Exactly the way I had been handling it. Smile in all directions, and then poison the well water. Pretend to be of the greatest possible aid, but foment trouble at every turn.

That was the way, he said, that he'd made his own marriage such a happy one. There'd been a dozen different times when Madge had wanted to go back into movies, or back on the stage, or back somewhere; somebody was always popping up with some new idea to lure her away from family life.

And canny old Tom would invariably tell her to do just as she pleased about it. If she wanted to have another go at Hollywood, he and the kids would get along just fine. They'd miss her, Heaven knows, till she got back, but they'd make out, if she wanted to go.

He even lent her his confidential secretary to help with the arrangements. And in an average time of two weeks this helpful confidential secretary



"It's all right, sir - I keep thinking of the generous tip you're going to leave and it makes me patient."

would have the whole business so messed up that Madge would say the heck with it.

Tom and the kids would be loudly delighted, the confidential secretary would find a thumping bonus in his next pay cheque, and Mama would be happily at home for another year, till the next crisis arose.

Worked fine, Tom said. The only way to keep a famous wife happy, he says, is to give her plenty of rope, but grease it a little about halfway up so that she can't climb out of the nest.

Which explains Bob's strange behaviour. Tom had naturally let him in on the system, and he was just giving it its first workout. It was Bob, I found out when I got back here this morning, who had sold Ward on hiring the kid actors. And while my idea of cutting the power lines was sound, Bob said, he had already figured out the place to cut them with the least permanent damage.

Anyway, by noon today Bob and I had everything worked out just fine. The two kid actors had planned in from New York, Jack and Button had jumped on them and beaten 'em half to death, everybody on the technical crew was mad at everybody else, both cameras had gone haywire, and the power line had just collapsed and set fire to the barn.

Everything was going just great. And Flame had just stormed in, kicked over a priceless chair, and announced to one and all that she was through with this whole fool business—when Wallace Ward

spoke up and said that if Flame was bound to bow out, why couldn't the role be filled handsomely by her lovely sister-in-law, the great Madge Terry?

Oh, I forgot to tell you about that. When I was leaving Tom's office in New Orleans yesterday noon, I suddenly thought why wasn't it a good idea for Madge to fly back to Tulsa with me, just for a little visit? Without knowing anything about our manoeuvres, she'd be on hand to comfort Flame when the deal blew up. "Fine, fine idea," said Tom. So I brought Madge back with me.

With the above shattering results. Because Wallace Ward, whose first 3-D picture, as you know, was a complete bust and who thus had no other pictures lined up to direct, wasn't going to give up this TV chance lightly. I knew that, but I had no idea how fast that old boy's mind can work when money is concerned.

Flame's resignation was still hanging in the air like powder smoke when he stepped neatly across the demolished chair, bowed grandly to Madge, and offered her a ready-made career as a TV star.

And before Bob or I could unglue a tongue, Madge had cried, "Oh, boy, fine!" and the deal was set. Tom, in addition to his theatres, owns all the cows east of Tulsa, and they can just make the films on his ranch. Madge, incidentally, still looks lovely; she has a terrific sense of comedy, and she'll be fine in the role.

Anyway, suddenly there I was, under the hay in the one still-unburned barn, awaiting the call that I knew would come from Tom as soon as Madge telephoned him the good news. I just had a feeling that Tom would want to talk to me.

And he did. I ventured out later in the day for food, and just as I was reaching into the refrigerator for a chicken leg somebody handed me the telephone.

And it was Tom in New Orleans, all right—and he was just delighted. It seems that keeping a famous and beautiful wife happily at home while the children are growing up is one thing, but keeping her happily at home after they've grown up is another.

Meaning that with all their kids finally away at college Madge has been like a twenty-mule-team waggon driver with only one mule left, and the fact that lately she has been driving Tom medium-nuts—just for want of something to do. So if she wanted a crack at this TV game now, Tom said, she would certainly have it.

"Do her worlds of good," he said. "And thanks a lot, George, for helping to arrange it."

So he's happy, Madge is happy, Bob's happy, Flame's happy because she never really wanted to go into TV anyway, and little Jack and Button are happy to have Mama to themselves once more. And they'll certainly never open their little yaps again about Lucille Ball.

And I'm happy because I'm still alive.

Oh, one other item. Your carload of technical geniuses will be home tomorrow afternoon. It seems that somebody overheard Ward telling Madge that they were all as far behind the times as bustles, really, and they weren't going to climb into TV on his back.

And they're all so mad that they refuse to work for him another day. He can get his own technician. Nobody is just sure who overheard Ward say it, but it was a pretty mean remark for him to make.

Wasn't it?

Your confidential secretary,
George.

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SO MUCH EASIER, QUICKER! All you need is Pin-Quick and bobby pins . . . no unwinding . . . no curlers . . . no re-setting. When hair is dry, just brush out. **NO HELP NEEDED!**



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Be Gay, Carefree, with Pin-Quick. A pin-curl permanent done with Pin-Quick gives your hair that happy, casual air—makes you feel gay and carefree too!



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Works Like Magic. Only a Pin-Quick home permanent by Richard Hudnut will give your hair the benefit of Magic Curl-Control, setting each curl to last exactly how you want it.



Chemists and Stores everywhere sell Pin-Quick, the amazing new, simple, easy-to-do home permanent by Richard Hudnut. **12/-**

pin-Quick

**You can do it yourself with bobby pins
. . . a perm and set all in one!**

If you can put up your hair in bobby pins, you can easily give yourself a new Richard Hudnut Pin-Quick—the pin-curl home permanent specially developed for today's carefree hair styles.

NO UNWINDING—NO RE-SETTING—DRIES IN MINUTES! No other home permanent is so easy to do as Richard Hudnut Pin-Quick. Just put up your hair in bobby pins, apply the wonderful lanolin-rich waving lotion, follow with Magic Curl-Control and that is all! When your hair is dry, take out the

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Richard Hudnut's Magic Curl-Control sets the wave in your hair, and curls ends naturally and gracefully in the simple hair styles so fashionable today!

Magic Curl-Control works to lock in and set each curl. It stays in the hair—is not rinsed out. It conditions the hair, keeps it healthier, springier and stronger.

LOVELY FINAL RESULT! Pin-Quick leaves your hair beautifully clean and fresh, with no unpleasant after-permanent odours—smooth, shining, silken-soft. Ask for new Pin-Quick by Richard Hudnut for soft, casual, natural-looking curls.

ASK FOR pin-Quick LANOLIZED PIN-CURL HOME PERMANENT

oil. A car had stood there, and not too long ago.

Tim started down the lane. It curved always to the right. Soon it must come out—oh, here it was—as he had thought, on the side road that joined Brimberley to Bramshott.

The end of the lane was marked by a heavy, padlocked gate. Tim frowned at the padlock. It was unexpected. Then he looked more closely at the gate, and laughed. The cross-bar had broken away, and the chain, padlock, and all could be lifted off in one piece.

"That's the way he came, all right," he said softly. "Old man dynamite. Knows the district. Runs his car up to the barn. Chance in a million if anyone saw it. Pussyfoots along the cart track and through the hedge into Melliker Lane. Back the same way. Safe as houses."

He became aware that a car was approaching. Brakes squealed. It was Sergeant Gattie who looked out, teeth flashing white under the black bar of his moustache.

"There you are," he said. "Save me a lot of trouble. You're wanted."

"Who by?"

"The Inspector wants you. Step in. Mustn't keep the great man waiting."

Tim looked up and down the deserted road. Then he got into the car, fitting his square bulk neatly into the seat.

"What's it all about?" he said.

"Nobody ever tells me anything," said Gattie. "I'm just the boy round that office. Fetch this, carry that. Drop everything and pick up Mr. Artside."

Now that he had got Tim in the car he seemed in less hurry to start.

"You ought to take steps to improve your own prospects," said Tim. "Catch this blower-up-of-other-people's-houses and they'll make you an inspector."

"Or the country house joker," said Gattie, looking sidly sideways at his passenger. "Oh, yes. He'd do. Maybe they're the same person," he added helpfully.

"That's an interesting thought," said Gattie. He let in

slowly off down the road towards Bramshott. The young morning sun was clear of the trees, now. It was going to be a lovely day. They had gone some little way before the sergeant added, "Any particular reason?"

"Nothing special," said Tim. "Economy of effort, really. You want a chap for dog-stealing. Another chap for cat-stealing. So artistically satisfactory if they turn out to be the same man. Two birds, one stone."

"I see," said the Sergeant.

"I'm full of ideas like that. At one time it did occur to me to wonder if this mightn't be a Kilmartin case."

The car barely slowed.

"What horrible ideas you do get," said Gattie at last.

"Where did this one come from? Your artistic conscience again?"

"No. There was something a little more substantial this time," said Tim. "Or I thought there was." He had slewed round sideways in his seat and was looking at the Sergeant. "Very possibly I was wrong about it. I don't know."

"I surely hope so," said Gattie. "It's not a thing we want in this country, is it? Here we are. I'll just run her into the yard. By the way, I should have asked you. Have you had your breakfast?"

"As a matter of fact, I have," said Tim. "Why? Is this going to take a long time? I'm a working man."

"So's the Inspector," said Gattie. "A real hard worker the Inspector." They were inside the building, now. The charge room was empty. "Bit of an awkward mood this morning. I'd mind my step, if I were you. You know the way. Straight along the passage."

Tim had been a sort of policeman himself. As soon as he got into the Inspector's room he realised one thing clearly. The Inspector was on the move. There comes a time in every case when the policeman in charge feels it shift under his hand. It is beginning to crack. All he has to do is to keep hitting, and it will break up into pieces. Pieces small enough to be classified and

Continuing . . . Sky High

from page 5

docketed and tied around with pink tape and served up to the Office of the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Conquering a very slightly cold feeling in the bottom of his stomach, Tim seated himself in the chair in front of the desk and said, "Good morning Inspector. How can I help you?"

"You can help me most by answering one or two questions."

"Is this the sort of interview at which I ought to insist

"Of course. Yes. You were in the Palestine police after the war."

"Not the police. The Gen-darmerie."

"That was an unofficial police force, I believe."

"Highly unofficial."

"And before that—during the war—you were a parachutist."

"I don't see that it's relevant, but if we're going to relive my

IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

● The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in Biblical quotations whose frequent use has made them part of everyday language.

QUOTATIONS should be accompanied by the chapter, verse, the book from which they came, and an example of current usage.

Here is a typical example:

To "divide the sheep from the goats" is accepted as the general term for any rough or preliminary classification, and is often used in a humorous sense, the goats being held as inferior to the sheep.

In chapter 25, verse 32, of Saint Matthew's gospel, where Christ is describing the last judgment, He says:

"And before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats."

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on my legal adviser being with me?"

"That's up to you, sir."

"I see. Well. On the whole I think I'll take a chance on that. Unless you start to savage me."

"This is just an unofficial inquiry," said the Inspector. "I want to satisfy myself on one or two points. I shan't even have a note taken of it."

"And if you don't satisfy yourself you can get official later. I know the form, thank you."

military past, let's do it properly. I was never in airborne forces. I was a member of a private thuggery called the Special Air Service. I served in it in North Africa, in Greece, and, a little, in Italy. I was a temporary acting major, which means that you have the responsibilities of a major and the pay of a captain—and can be sacked as a lieutenant. If you want a second opinion on my performance as a soldier I can only refer you to General Pall-ing."

"Yes," said the Inspector. "Many of your missions in Greece were sabotage missions."

"Don't let's beat about the bush," said Tim. "I had a great deal to do with explosives in the Army. Exceptionally so. During the active part of the war I learned to use them, and in Palestine I learned to dodge them. I'm a little rusty now, of course—fashions in explosives change almost as quickly as fashions in dress. But I have ways and means of keeping up to date. For instance, I know Tobias, the top M.I.5 explosives man—I called on him the other day—and he gave me a quick refresher course."

"The other day?"

"Friday evening, to be exact."

"I see," said the Inspector. "It's good of you to be so frank."

"Never keep anything from the police," said Tim.

"A very sound rule," said the Inspector. "What do you do for a living now, Mr. Artside?"

"For a living?"

"Your job, I mean."

"Well now," said Tim. "I'm not sure that I'm prepared to tell you that. My job has nothing to do with the matter you are investigating. It's irrelevant. I didn't undertake to answer irrelevant questions."

"Then you refuse to say?"

"I just don't think it has anything to do with the matter in hand," said Tim steadily.

"Very well," said the Inspector. He sounded ominously pleased with himself. "I expect it will come to light sooner or later. Would I be right in saying that it is a job that takes you out into the country a good deal?"

"Well, I expect that's right," said Tim.

"And that you have a small car, that you keep in a garage near King's Cross, and use for your—er—your trips into the country."

Tim's eyes flickered for a moment.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said.

"The garage, I believe, knows you as Hodges."

"I don't think," said Tim, "that the garage actually knows me as anything. It's 'Hodges'

car as far as they are concerned. And they know that I have authority to use it."

"That doesn't quite tally with my information," said the Inspector. "Do you mean that the garage man doesn't call you Mr. Hodges?"

"Certainly not. I call him Ron and he calls me Tim. Very democratic part of London, King's Cross."

"All right," said the Inspector. "Does your job take you into Suffolk at all?"

"It has done."

"Belton Park?"

For the first time Tim really did look surprised. "Don't tell me," he said, "that you've had a little man in a bowler hat hidden in the dickey. Extraordinary. Yes, I was at Belton about three weeks ago."

"Not then?"

"Not to my knowledge. It would be a long way to walk in your sleep."

"You weren't there by any chance on Friday night—or early on Saturday morning?"

Tim began to say something, then stopped. "What's all this about?" he said abruptly.

"Just answer the questions."

"Not on your life. As you yourself pointed out, this isn't an official inquiry. Unless you tell me why you're asking these questions I shan't say another word."

"I'm sorry you've adopted this attitude," said the Inspector smoothly. He reached out his hand to the bell under his desk, as Tim gave a gasp.

"I remember now. It was in the papers yesterday. Major Lucas. Big robbery. The Country House Gang suspected."

"You read about it in the papers?" said the Inspector in his ominously toneless voice.

Tim took no notice of him. He was struggling with suppressed emotion.

"Look here," he said. "Just at what time—or between what times—the widest margin possible—was this job done at Belton Park? There can be no harm in telling me that, surely."

The Inspector reflected. "The period we are inquiring about," he said cautiously,

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"is between midnight on Friday night and about four o'clock on Saturday morning."

"All right," said Tim. "Then if you'll take the trouble to ring up West End Central Police Station—you might ask for Detective-Inspector Bazeley—you'll find that I spent Friday evening from about eleven o'clock onwards in their hospitable company. Shortly after midnight I was given a bed in the cell ordinarily reserved for extreme cases of delirium tremens. I was not actually locked in, I agree. But at approximately two o'clock in the morning a gentleman was brought in who had celebrated his seventieth birthday by drinking half a pint of methylated spirits and I had to vacate my couch. I spent the rest of the night in the sergeants' room with three sergeants. Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"If—," said the Inspector heavily. "I mean, I don't suppose I can go."

"I'm not making it up, if that's what you're hoping," said Tim. "Why should I? You'll telephone them as soon as I'm gone. Incidentally, I suppose I can go?"

"Why, yes," said the Inspector. "Yes, of course. I'm sorry to have detained you."

"Don't mention it," said Tim. He got up and was walking towards the door when a thought occurred to him.

"If you're looking for someone in our circle," he said carefully, "who hasn't got a very good alibi at about that time, then perhaps I can help you there, too."

Luck looked up. The light was behind him and Tim could make nothing of his expression.

"I telephoned my mother that night," went on Tim. "After two bad shots I found her with Bob Cleve out at Clamboys. Sue and the General were with her. She told me

about the joker tying the rope across the gate. I was a bit worried. I wondered, you see, if they were taking the thing quite seriously enough, or if they ought to have some sort of protection. So I rang up Queen, at his cottage. His wife said he was out—had been for some time—didn't know when he'd be back. So I tried Gattie. No answer at all. Then I tried you, Inspector. The station didn't know where you were. Curious."

Luck had half turned in his chair and Tim could see his face now. It was not pretty.

"I've heard some unwarranted attacks on the police in my time," he said at last. "But for sheer impertinence I think that beats the band."

He was so angry he sounded almost human.

"Possibly I've got a warped mind," agreed Tim. "But then, you must remember, I spent some time in Palestine. I remember one case particularly—an Inspector Kilmartin—the old racket. Pretended to be protecting the Arabs from the Jews, but actually robbed them indiscriminately. He made quite a pile before he got found out. Both parties hated him. The Jews got him first. Threw him over the Gehazai bridge with a live hand grenade in both pockets. You ought to ask Gattie about him. He knows the details."

"I'm glad you could all get here," said Liz. "I had to bring the practice forward to Monday, because they're starting on the heating tomorrow, and you know what a row that makes."

"Couldn't be worse than us," murmured Tim to Sue. He had quietly transferred himself to MacMorris' place, leaving Lucy Mallory to Sergeant Gattie.

Sue frowned and opened her anthem sheet ostentatiously. "There's one new hymn for

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Sunday. At least, not a new hymn, but a new tune. It's Bax. Modern, but good." She sketched it through on the harmonium. "I particularly want it to go well, because all the old diehards will be saying, 'That's not the right tune.' Let's try it through. Take the last verse. Mezzo forte."

The choir took the last verse.



Liz listened, her head on one side. The parts were all right—Hedges reliable, Gattie very firm in the tenor, Lucy and Sue improving. Only the trebles were weak, almost to non-existence.

"Trebles only," she decreed. Her worst fears were justified. Rupert and Maurice were hardly trying. The other four were trying, but were getting nowhere.

She looked at them speculatively. Maurice was red eyed but defiant. Jim had said to her, "I can't make nothing of him. Never known him like that before." Rupert was whiter than usual, but composed.

"What's happened to your voice, Rupert?" she said.

"I'm afraid I've got rather a sore throat," he said politely. "Pity!" said Liz. "Too sore to come on the outing on Wednesday?"

"Not so sore as that," said Rupert quickly, and the Hedges children laughed. Even Maurice looked a little happier.

"What's this outing, Mrs. Artside?" said Gattie. "Do I qualify for it?"

"You certainly qualify if you want to come," said Liz. "In fact, you're very welcome. I'm afraid the older members mostly regard it as something to be got out of." She looked severely at Tim, who grinned. "We have a joint excursion every autumn with the Bramshott and Baroboro choirs. About thirty children and any grown-ups who can be induced to come along and give a hand."

"Well, I'll see," said Gattie. "We're a hard-worked force in this area."

"The bus leaves at nine o'clock from Baroboro Town Hall, calls at Bramshott first, and then here. We're all going down to Belmouth. It's a bit off season, but the children like the fun fair. Incidentally, how many of you are coming, Jim?"

"Too much to do myself," said Jim firmly.

"Lucy, you're coming, aren't you? And Sue?" Sue nodded. "Count me in, too," said Tim promptly.

"That makes four of us. Five if the Sergeant can come. What about you young Hedges?"

Four hands shot up. Maurice looked doubtful.

"What's wrong with you?" said Liz. "Got a date with your young lady that day?" Maurice wriggled. Liz sensed

an undercurrent of something she didn't understand.

"What about you, Rupert?" she said.

"Oh, all right," said Rupert. Maurice's relief was patent. "I shall be coming, Mrs. Artside," he said.

"That's all right then," said Liz. "Same arrangements as last year. Bring sandwiches for lunch and we'll have high tea at the pavilion. And don't wear your best suits. Remember what happened last year on the Dodgems. Now let's give the Anthem a run through, and see if we can't do it really well this time. On the tenth beat. A nice firm 'Come'."

It wasn't bad. The thought of Belmouth seemed to have stimulated Rupert. If Rupert sang they all sang. It was one of the scant and occasional returns for months of unrewarding work that occasionally, very occasionally, a dozen ordinary-to-bad singers contrived to produce a total which was better than the sum of their individual parts.

She hoped it might be so on the great day.

After practice Tim walked home with Sue. He had a lot to tell her.

"What does it all mean?" asked Sue at the end of it.

"Search me," said Tim. "Some of it's clear enough but nothing like the whole picture."

"None of it's clear to me," said Sue. "Who is the Captain? And his friends at this restaurant? Where do they come into it? And why did they try to beat you up? And what are the police doing about it?"

"The Captain and his boyfriends are a hard-working crowd of professional receivers of stolen goods. They specialise in jewellery, and gold and silver. They sell it abroad. The police haven't disturbed them up to date because they found it more useful to watch them and get a line on the various

people who were bringing them stuff—the actual thieves. Though I rather fancy, after Detective Pontifex's spirited but incautious performance, that this phase may be over. They're about ready to gather in this little lot."

Sue laughed. "I should love to have seen him pouring the brandy on the fire," she said. "What fun you do have."

"It wasn't funny at the time," said Tim.

"But tell me. What have these receivers got to do with us at Brimberley?"

"That's the big question," said Tim. "The way I see it at the moment is this. Somewhere in this district—or somewhere connected with this district—I can't be any more definite than that—is a person who makes a living—a second living, because they must have some ostensible and above-board job—by occasional, well planned raids on country houses. The country houses are scattered over the south of England. The base is here. He may only operate on two nights in the year."

"He does his own reconnaissance, makes his own rules, plays his own hand. The one thing he's got to have help over is disposing of the goods. That's where the Captain comes in."

He went on briskly. "He keeps a restaurant. Very handy. You go and have lunch there—perhaps only once a year. You leave a parcel with your hat and coat in the cloak room. When you've finished lunch you pick it up again. Only it isn't the same parcel. When you went in it was the proceeds of your last three robberies. When you come out it's full of pound notes. Transaction completed."

"Yes, I see. But how did MacMorris come into it?"

"There's no real proof about

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Teacher learns lesson!

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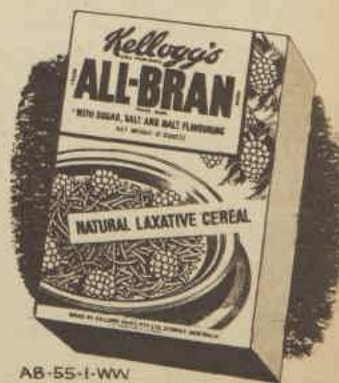
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that," said Tim. "But I've not much doubt about it, either. He contrived to find out—probably some slip at the receiving end—the real life identity of the man who was doing these jobs. That was his meal ticket. Blackmail. Spoil the spoiler. He came down here to live on it. More comfortable than hanging round the West End stage. More dangerous, though."

"So it was the burglar who blew him up," said Sue thoughtfully. "Do you know, I'm not sure I blame him."

"Not if he'd stopped there," said Tim. "I didn't much like him trying to pitch my mother off her motor-bike, though, when her inquiries got too near the mark. That's the trouble with these people. As long as no one suspects them they're smooth as silk. But they'll go to any length to preserve their anonymity. They'll kill to preserve it, make no mistake, you and me and the lot of us."

"Tim," said Sue, stopping suddenly. "Do you know who it is?"

"Well, no," said Tim. "But I've got a very fair idea. That's what makes it so awkward," he added.

Sue said, "Let's go back." She said nothing more until they got to Melliker Lane. She seemed almost afraid to speak.

They turned down into the lane and stopped outside the gate.

Tim put his hand up to open the gate and found it on Sue's arm. He left it there for a moment. Before he could open his mouth Sue said, just as if she was concluding a conversation on a totally different subject, "There's one thing more you ought to know. On Saturday when we were staying at Clamboys I went out for an early morning ride with Bob. He asked me to marry him."

"Bob—" said Tim. "Why—what—"

"I didn't have a chance to say yes or no, really," said Sue. "Bob's an awful brute in the early morning and at that moment he bolted. By the time Bob got him back again the moment seemed to have passed."

"Yes, but—" said Tim. "I mean—would you—"

"How should I know," said Sue crossly. "Goodnight." She stalked off up the driveway and Tim waited until he heard the door shut.

He stood for a minute or two, unmoving, in the dark. Round him the hundred noises of the night clicked and slurred and scuttered. Tim did not trouble himself about them. There were no dangerous ghosts in Melliker Lane that night.

A quarter of a mile away Constable Queen sat in his cottage parlor while his wife busied herself about his supper. He was a big, blond, serious young man, and at that moment his face was set into an almost terrifying concentration of thought.

It certainly scared his wife, who came back into the room at that moment, and had to put the tray she was carrying down on to the table before she spoke.

"Why, Stan," she said, "whatever's up?"

He turned his troubled face to her. "If you know something," he said, "but can't tell it without getting someone else into trouble, and if you don't want to get them into trouble—it's difficult, see?"

Mrs. Queen saw nothing. She knew nothing; but being a woman did not allow this deficiency to affect her judgment. "Eat your supper while it's hot," she said. "And stop thinking about it. It'll all come out a lot easier in the morning."

Constable Queen was not a man who thought quickly or easily. He turned things over in his mind. Scraps of what he had learned at police training school jostled with the loyalty

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of his class to his class; personal friendship, the dislike of interfering; and, in the last resort, that sort of fundamental honesty that you either pick up at your mother's knee or never acquire all your life.

He thought about it for all of thirty-six hours before he moved.

At ten o'clock the next morning, he was in Inspector Luck's office.

"Well, Queen?" said Luck.

"I've been thinking, sir," said Queen, "that I ought to have a word with you if I could. It's not exactly in the line of duty, and yet it is in a way. I've been very upset about it."

Luck sighed, but quietly. It was in just such a way that trouble started. Bribery? Women? Queen's wife? A nice girl, he had always thought, and more sensible than most.

"—on Friday night," went on Queen. "You know I was out with Sergeant Gattie most of the night, watching that house in Melliker Lane where they'd had the trouble."

"I remember," said Luck. (Got home unexpectedly early? Cuckoo in the nest?)

"Well, we didn't."

"Didn't what?" said the Inspector blankly.

"Didn't stand watch together. The Sergeant went off. I stopped."

"Oh," said Luck, softly. It hadn't penetrated yet, though.

"Where did he go?"

"He drove off in the car," said Luck. "Said there was a girl he was courting over at Mallards Cross, and if anyone said anything, I was to say he'd been with me all night."

Queen stopped, but Luck did not interrupt. There was more to come.

"A good deal later," said Queen, "I took a stroll myself. There wasn't nothing happening and I was getting cold. I went by the path—that one that goes back from the end of Melliker Lane over the hill to the old barn."

"Fagg's barn," said Luck.

"That's right. It's tumbledown now. Stands at the end of a bit of lane that takes you back to the road. I thought I'd go down the lane, and make the whole circuit, see. Come back to the house from the other end. When I stepped into the lane I nearly broke my shins on it."

"On what?" said Luck with sharp suspicion.

"On the car," said Queen softly. "Our car."

There was a very long and very uncomfortable silence. Then the Inspector looked at the watch on his wrist and said, "Come along, you'd better show me the place."

Ten minutes later they were both peering down at a patch of oil. It was the same patch that Tim had looked at two days before, still undisturbed.

No one seemed to use the lane. The tumbledown barn was quiet.

"I wonder," said Luck.

He walked across and circled the barn. Though decrepit, it proved curiously difficult to make an entry. The window spaces were blocked with fallen stone and sealed with brambles. The remains of the door lay across the opening at an angle that effectively blocked it, without offering any suggestion that it could be opened. Luck shone his torch through the gap. It aroused a family of bats.

Queen called from the other side of the barn. There was a small, stone outbuilding. It might have served as a fodder store when the barn was in use.

"Been someone here more than once," said Queen.

"They been careful, too, but you can see the marks. There, and there. And the stones at the end, they've been unpiled, and piled again."

"We'll have 'em down," said Luck.

Together they lifted the stones which formed the end of the lean-to. They came away cleanly, without any dust or rubble between them.

"Been moved more'n once," said Queen.

Luck said nothing. He was sweating. He shone his torch into the neat space which they had opened.

It was covered by a tarpaulin, but Luck had a sick feeling that he knew what was under it.

"Open her up carefully," he said.

It was a newish motor-cycle, fast and well cared for. The most noticeable feature was the double wicker pannier, like a dispatch-rider's satchel. Luck put gloves on to open it. Rolled up in a canvas hold-all at the bottom was as neat a house-breaker's kit as Luck in his experience had ever seen. Leather loops holding an array of neat and shining implements.

One pair of loops was empty. The rear loop was larger than the front one and they lay about six inches apart.

"Plenty of room for the loot, too," said Queen, looking at the empty panniers.

"Travelling burglar's shop," agreed Luck shortly. He was refastening the straps. Together they pushed the machine back and covered it. Then they built the stones back into position. It was difficult to see that anything had been moved.

"I don't need to tell you," Luck said, "that you keep quiet about this."

"Quiet as the grave," said Queen.

Luck thought about those two loops, six inches apart, one larger than the other.

"As the grave," he agreed.

Another thought was teasing him. "Who owns this piece?" he said. "The gate's kept locked—or meant to be. It isn't a public right of way. I had an idea—"

"I could easily find out, sir," said Queen. "Petch and Porter handle most of the properties round here. I could look at their estate map."

"All right," said Luck. "You do that. And telephone me at the station. If I'm out, go on trying till you get me."

Queen knew young Mr. Petch well and was shown in without delay.

"What is it this time?" said Sam Petch resignedly. "Car on the wrong side of the road?"

"You can help me this time," said Queen. He described the position of the barn.

"Fagg's Farm," said Mr. Petch. "It's still called that, though old Fagg's been dead more than fifty years. Dad just remembers him. Used to come in here every market day and drink himself unconscious in the 'Farmer's Glory'. The landlord rolled him under the bar to sleep it off. Wonderful days. Now, let me see; I don't know that I can help. We don't handle that side of the road now. Masons of Sunningdale took it over before the war. They'd know. Would you like me to telephone Fred Mason?"

Queen thought quickly.

"I'll run over and see him myself, if you don't mind," he said. "Rather confidential. And could you forget it yourself?"

"Surely," said Mr. Petch.

They walked down through the outer office.

On a table by the door Queen saw a pair of pigskin gloves. They were old-fashioned but good. It occurred to him that he had seen them before.

"Aren't those young Mr. Artside's?" he said.

"Nothing escapes our police," said Mr. Petch with a chuckle.

"They are. He was in here this morning making some inquiries." When Queen looked at him he added blandly, "They were confidential, too, I'm afraid."

"It's inconceivable," said Tom Pearce.

Luck thought that it was the first time that he had ever seen his Chief Constable shaken.

"I've got his record here," said Luck. Pearce looked angrily at the card, but hardly seemed to see it.

"Regular soldier," said Luck. "Then in the Palestine Gendarmerie. Then he came to us under the Special Recruitment Scheme, with his rank of sergeant. Joined us down here in 1947."

"Which was when this crop of burglaries began?"

"That's right, sir."

"Have you checked—"

"I haven't had time to do it carefully, sir," said Luck. "But

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For the past eight years Doris has been Hollywood's favorite nice girl, and this is her first role out of her former Peter Pan-collar character.

Film Fun Fare CONDUCTED BY
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What's Going On In the Film World?

You'll know all the latest doings in Hollywood if you study the film news appearing every week in The Australian Women's Weekly.



1 AMERICAN gunfighters in Mexico, Ben Trane (Gary Cooper), left, an ex-colonel of the Confederate Army, and Erin (Burt Lancaster) toast their new friendship. They decide to join the revolt.



2 NINA (Sarita Montiel), a beautiful peasant girl, is saved from the unwanted attentions of a group of American toughs by Trane and sets her sights on him.



3 OFFER to join with the Emperor Maximilian is made to the men by the Marquis de Labordere (Cesar Romero), right. During discussions the group is surrounded by rebels.



4 ERIN shoots when he believes that a rebel soldier is aiming at Trane. The rebels disperse when the gunfire endangers the lives of the townspeople. The gunmen throw in with the Royalists.

VERA CRUZ



5 GUESTS at the palace, Erin and his gang fall on the food like hungry wolves. Both the Marquis and Trane are amused but a Royalist soldier is infuriated.

★ A Western adventure in technicolor SuperScope, "Vera Cruz" (United Artists) features the Mexican peasant revolt against Emperor Maximilian in 1866 as the setting for a story of two soldiers of fortune with guns for hire.

The picture was filmed on location in Mexico and stars Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster as the two adventurers.

A scheming countess (Denise Darcel) and Latin newcomer Sarita Montiel bring glamor and romance to their exploits.



6 SMITTEN by charming Countess Marie Duvarre (Denise Darcel), centre, Erin accompanies her coach through enemy country to Vera Cruz. Trane goes, too.



7 DISCOVERING that they are escorting gold to buy arms for Maximilian, the gunfighters fall in with the Countess' plan to make off with the loot. But the Marquis gets the gold to Vera Cruz.



8 FATAL duel between Erin and Trane ensues when the former makes last bid to steal the gold. Trane, urged by Nina, joins the rebels, and is vindicated when he returns the money to them.

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Who will be Miss Lux 1955?

18-year-old Joan Ferguson is entrant number four in the 'Miss Lux' Contest. Joan lives at Dalkeith, Perth, has been interested in amateur theatricals since she acted in school plays. Joan says, 'I've used Lux Toilet Soap ever since I can remember — there's nothing like it for keeping skin lovely.' See another Lux beauty next month — one of these girls will win fabulous prizes as 'Miss Lux 1955'.



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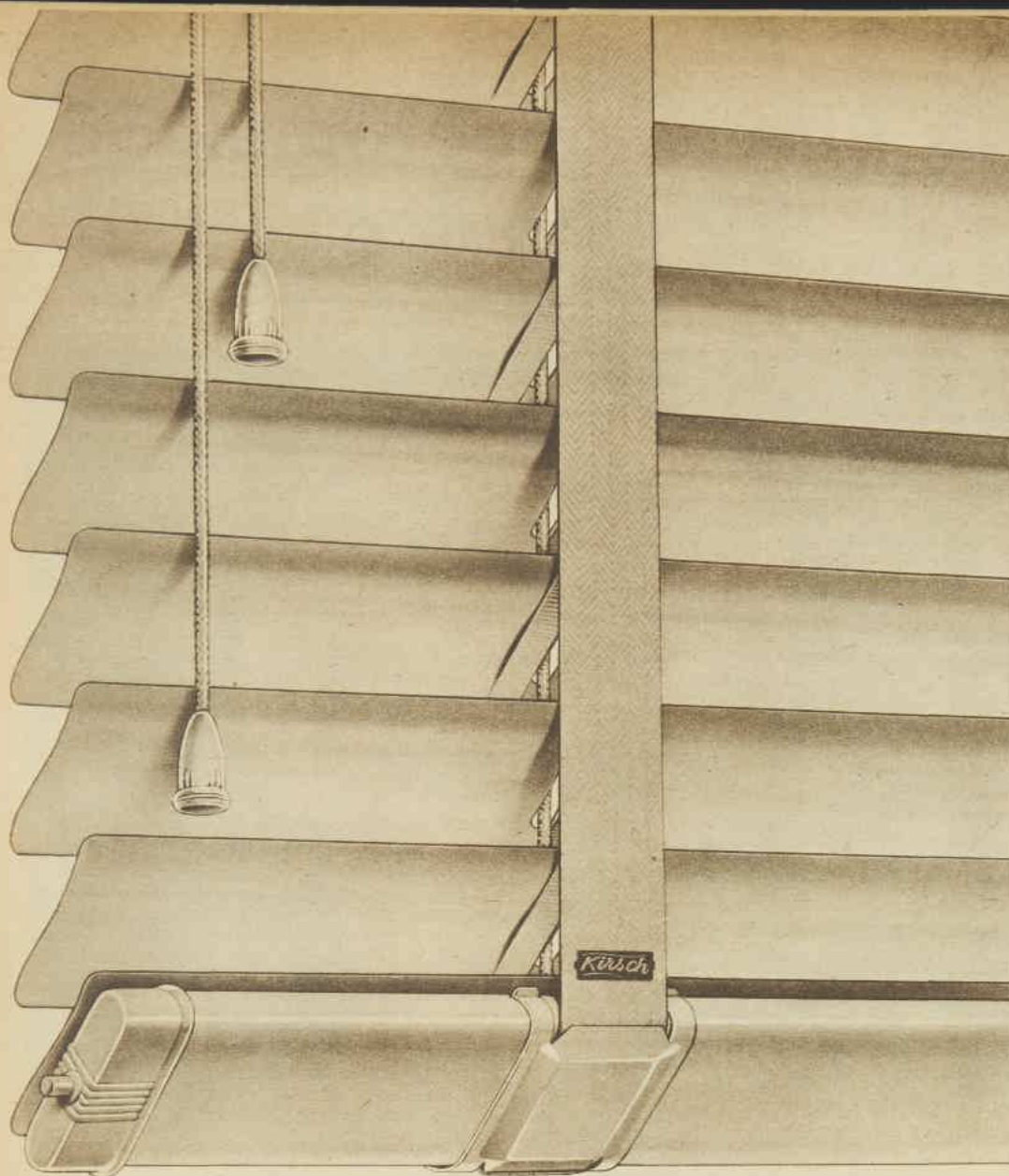


GRACE KELLY co-starring in
Paramount Pictures "THE COUNTRY GIRL"
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Talking of Films

★★★ *Romeo and Juliet*

WITH its continuous sequences of rare pictorial beauty, plus some excellent acting by most of the cast, Italian director Robert Castellani's version of "Romeo and Juliet" has many moments of sheer poetry, though Shakespeare's classic dialogue often takes a secondary place.

The picture must be accepted only as a deeply moving period drama.

Castellani took his cast to Italy for the filming, and the richness of medieval pageantry in the days of the Montagus and Capulets has been magnificently reproduced in Ektacolor.

Necessary long cuts in dialogue give place to camera action among the authentic colonnades and halls of ancient Italian buildings.

Laurence Harvey depicts Romeo as a young, impulsive

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

idealist. His stage work with the Old Vic Company stands him in good stead in this film role.

Blond newcomer Susan Shental has been well trained by Castellani for the Juliet role, but her acting inexperience shows through, and her healthy teenage English face hardly suggests the passionate young Capulet lover of the Montagu Romeo.

Fine character studies by other cast members, especially Mervyn Johns as the Friar and Flora Robson, who plays the role of the nurse, help to keep this newest version of an old tragedy in the frame in which it has been set. (T.B.)

In Sydney—Embassy.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," technicolor war drama, starring William Holden, Grace Kelly, Mickey Rooney. Plus "The Thief of London," comedy, starring Jack Watling, Jean Anderson, Peter Hawthorn.

CENTURY.—★★★ "A Man Called Peter," CinemaScope drama in Delux color, starring Richard Todd, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★★ "Romeo and Juliet," Shakespearian romance in technicolor, starring Susan Shental, Laurence Harvey. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "The Green Scarf," mystery, starring Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd, Kieron Moore. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "Interrupted Melody," CinemaScope musical drama in color, starring Glenn Ford, Eleanor Parker. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "So This Is Paris," technicolor musical, starring Tony Curtis, Gloria De Haven. Plus ★ "Veils of Bagdad," Oriental adventure in technicolor, starring Victor Mature, Mari Blanchard.

LYRIC.—Film Festival: Thursday, 4th, ★★ "Rope of Sand," drama, starring Burt Lancaster, Claude Rains, Corinne Calvet. Plus ★ "French Without Tears," Friday 5th. ★ "Union Pacific," period melodrama, starring Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea. Plus "Tip Off Girls," Saturday, 6th, ★★ "Stalag 17," wartime drama, starring William Holden, Don Taylor, Otto Strauss. Plus ★★ "The Cat and the Canary," Monday, 8th, ★★ "This Gun for Hire," gangster thriller, starring Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake. Plus ★★ "My Friend Irma," Tuesday, 9th, ★★ "Variety Girl," Bob Hope-Bing Crosby musical. Plus ★★ "Streets of Laredo," Wednesday, 10th. ★★ "Hatters Castle," drama, starring Robert Newton, Deborah Kerr, James Mason. Plus "Branded."

PALACE.—"99 River Street," thriller, starring John Payne, Evelyn Keyes. Plus ★★ "Along Came Jones," Western, starring Gary Cooper, Loretta Young. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Three Ring Circus," Vista-Vision technicolor musical, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Joanne Dru, Zsa Zsa Gabor. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "Desiree," romantic adventure in Delux color CinemaScope, starring Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Merle Oberon, Michael Rennie.

SAVOY.—★★★★ "Wages of Fear," drama, French and English dialogue with English sub-titles, starring Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Vera Clouzot. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Blackboard Jungle," MetroScope drama, starring Glenn Ford, Anne Francis. Plus featurettes.

Films not yet reviewed

MAYFAIR.—"Untamed," Delux color CinemaScope drama, starring Susan Hayward, Tyrone Power, Richard Egan. Plus featurettes.

PARIS.—(Possibly commencing Saturday). "White Horse Inn" ("Im Weissen Ross"), German musical, starring Johanna Matz, Watler Muller. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—"Dragnet," Warnercolor thriller, starring Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson. Plus "Outlaw's Daughter," color Western, starring Jim Davis, Keely Ryan, Bill Williams.

STATE.—"The Purple Plain," technicolor romantic adventure, starring Gregory Peck, Win Min Than. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"The Seekers," Eastmancolor outdoor adventure, starring Jack Hawkins, Glynis Johns, Laya Raki. Plus "Recoil," thriller, starring Elizabeth Sellars, Kieron Moore.

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I don't think he's got a shadow of an alibi for any of the other jobs. You remember that one we got tipped off about and put out a dragnet, but missed him by inches. I've checked the duty sheets. Gattie was on leave. And another thing. One of his particular jobs was sitting those checkpoints."

"Yes," said Pearce. Like all policemen, the thought of treachery in his own force left him cold and furious.

"Have you ever had any reason to suspect him before?" he said. "Not this, of course. But anything. Slackness, inattention to duty, petty dishonesty?"

Luck could read his superior's mind like a book, but he was unable to offer him even this salve to his feelings.

"I always found him excellent," he said. "A first-class man, able and willing and cheerful. Exceptionally courageous, and strong as a horse. You remember that job he did over at Ascot when the Glass-house boys tried to throw their weight about—"

"He got a citation for that, didn't he?"

"That's right."

Pearce swore softly, then he said: "Now what are we going to do?"

It wasn't a question. He didn't want advice. He wanted a miracle. He wanted the thing never to have happened.

Pearce said, "If the team idea is right, Gattie must have joined up with his predecessor somewhere about 1947. In other words, as soon as he was posted here. If he was in the regular army—say he joined in 1938—then the war came pretty quickly after that—then he was in Palestine. You see what I mean? He'd have been kept too busy to organise anything like this. I think he, personally, must have started from scratch in 1947. He was the hands. The other person who had the experience and the contacts and the know-how was the brains."

"It could have been someone he met in the army," suggested Luck.

The two men looked at each other thoughtfully.

"It could have been," said Pearce slowly. "Just suppose for a moment that Gattie did something he shouldn't have done in Palestine. It was a wild place and a wild time, and I expect a lot of people dipped themselves a bit—particularly temporary policemen. It might have been something relatively harmless. Just serious enough to wreck his career as a policeman if it got out. The old fox—our original country house operator—gets to know of it. He wants help. A young, vigorous assistant. So he puts the screw on him."

Luck looked a little happier. "I hope it's that," he said. "It doesn't make it quite so—"

The telephone rang and Pearce hooked off the receiver. "It's for you," he said.

"Me, sir. Queen," said the voice at the other end.

Luck listened, and at the end said, "Well, that's that. It's nice to know. I'd like you to come back to the station and stand by. We look as if we may be having a busy day."

He rang off.

"That was Queen, sir," he said. "He's been making some inquiries for me. Gattie's over at May Heath on an all-day job. We could take him off it. I thought on the whole we'd let it run and talk to him when he gets back in the evening. Incidentally, he's carrying a knife. I noticed the retaining loops in that pannier affair—about eight inches long. A commando type, probably. There was one other thing."

He paused, then spoke with studied moderation: "Queen's looking into the question of ownership of the land where we found the motor-cycle. It's absolutely possible that Gattie was using the barn without the owner knowing anything about

Continuing . . . Sky High

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it, but I thought it might have given us some sort of line, you see."

"Has it?" said Pearce.

"I hope not," said Luck soberly. "The land all belongs to the Glamboys estate. It was bought about twenty years ago. Most of it's let to farmers, but that piece with the barn and the lane and the spinney lies between two farms, and doesn't actually go with either of the farms."

The two men looked at each other with a wild surmise.

"Mr. Cleeve," said Inspector Luck.

"Bob Cleeve," said the Chief Constable.

"Bob," said Liz, "I want a word with you. It's all right, Rupert. I promise we won't miss the bus. You can come back on my carrier and we'll be in plenty of time." She looked at the large gun-metal watch that hung from a safety pin on the front of her tweed coat.

"It hasn't even left Barn-boro yet, so relax. Go and find your sandwiches or your



catapult or whatever you're going to shoot your lunch with. That's right." She added, as the door closed, "It's no real business of mine, but that boy's not right."

"Not right? You mean he's ill?"

"I don't mean he's doctor-ill," said Liz. "But he's got something on his mind."

"He hasn't been happy lately," said Cleeve. He looked rather desperately round the big, rich, empty room. "I thought it might be just general unhappiness, and that we'd cure it when he went to school. The good ones are all terribly full, but I've pulled some strings, and got him put down for St. Oswald's. Ought to be all right. Most of the Royal Family went there."

"I think it's something more," said Liz. "It seemed to me to start a week or so ago, and it's been getting worse. And he's a very reserved child. That's what makes it so dangerous."

"You're telling me," said Cleeve. "It's like a time-bomb. You can hear him ticking. The only question is when he's going to go off."

"But, Bob," said Liz, "if you think that, why not do something about it?"

"Take him to a psychiatrist?"

"Nonsense," said Liz. "Psychiatrists are for old women. The only thing you've got to do is find out what's on his mind and take it off. You're the only person he'll talk to. If he won't tell you, he certainly won't tell me. But you've got to get down to it. It's important."

She paused and both of them were silent for a space. Liz broke the silence: "By the way, Hubert's coming over tonight. Tim and Sue are on this Belmouth jaunt with me, and they're all stopping for dinner. Would you like to make a fifth?"

Bob pulled out a fat engagement diary and looked at it.

"I'd love to," he said, "but I haven't promised it. We've got a council meeting this afternoon. It won't stop before six, and an Education Committee, of which I'm supposed to be Chairman, immediately afterwards. I'll drop in on you for coffee and pick up Rupert. Can you feed him?"

"If he eats as much as he did on the last choir outing," said Liz, "he won't need any supper. Here he is at last. Got everything?"

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Art-side," said Rupert politely.

"Sandwiches, mackintosh, gun, dagger, knuckle-dusters? All right. Off we go."

Lovers of Belmouth assert that the early autumn is its best season. It is by no means empty. At Belmouth, as the advertisements tell you, you can enjoy yourself all the year round. But the crowds which throng its beaches, hotels, and pleasures from June to September have thinned out. The hotel staffs find time to draw breath and attend to the wants of those discerning people who take their holidays out of season.

The dunes, which are the particular glory of Belmouth, put on their autumn heather mixture as the little bathing chalets are shut up one by one.

On to this peaceful scene descended two bus loads of the combined choirs.

"Now remember," said Liz to her little contingent. "You two tinsies are to go with Miss Mallory. She's kindly promised to look after you." The two youngest Hedges children looked rebelliously at Lucy. She didn't quite measure up to their idea of an ideal companion for a day at the seaside.

"You others"—she looked at the three elder Hedges boys and Rupert—"can go where you like, provided you're back for tea at the pavilion at four. We're having sausages, and I've particularly asked for them to be served first, so if you're as much as a minute late you probably won't get any. Subject to that you're free to do what you like, provided you don't break the law or get dirty or drown yourselves."

"We've arranged to take our boys to a concert of music this afternoon," said Mrs. Um.

"I've no doubt they'll be the better for it," said Liz blandly.

She herself intended to have lunch and spend the afternoon with an old friend.

"Well, that's everybody except us," she said. "I'm sorry Sergeant Gattie couldn't come. Annoying they should have found him a last-minute job today. What are you two planning to do?"

"First," said Tim, "we're going to the fun fair. I haven't been in a real dhow for years. I may even throw for a coconut. After that all is in the lap of the gods."

The day started well. The silliest things were fun to do with Sue there gravely assisting. They had several hectic bouts in the dodgems, being crashed into from behind by Rupert and Maurice. The boys were both scarlet in the face, and seemed to have shaken off the two younger Hedges.

They ate lunch economically in the saloon bar of a small public house at the end of the front where Tim played shove ha'penny with an ancient lobster fisherman and lost three light ales in succession.

After lunch they strolled off the extreme end of the front and on to the dunes.

The sun looked genially

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down. A small but persistent wind blew in from the sea.

"What would be nice," said Tim sleepily, "would be to find a place in the sand which gets all the sun, but none of the wind, and lie down in it until it's time to go and eat sausages in the pavilion."

"Suits me," said Sue calmly. They walked out on to the dunes. The task they had set themselves seemed childishly easy, but, as all who have tried it will know, proved curiously difficult.

Some of the sand hollows were deep enough to be out of the wind, but into these the sun hardly penetrated. Others were full of sun, but full of wind also. When they finally thought they had found a suitable one they looked up and saw that they had come directly within view of one of the few chalets which was still occupied.

By now they had reached the western and most deserted tract where the cliff steepened and the dunes turned into cattle pasture.

"Let's try this one," said Tim hopefully. "It's got lots of sun and the wind's dropping, anyway."

"Looks all right," said Sue. "I don't think there's anyone in that monstrosity."

She pointed to a little box of pink wooden planks. It was the last and most secluded of all the chalets, and a board nailed crookedly across an upright announced that it was called "The Retreat."

"Looks as if it's been empty for some time," agreed Tim. "Lonely spot. We can both sit on my raincoat if I spread it out—what's the matter?"

"I don't know," said Sue. "I think it's all these horrible things that have been happening. Imagination, I dare say."

"Never mind imagination," said Tim. "What did you think you saw?"

"It was just as you were saying how empty that place looked. I saw a face at the window."

"Hmp," said Tim. "It doesn't seem possible. There's just inches of sand across the back door, and half the windows are broken. I don't think anyone can be living in it. Might be trespassers. Don't see why they should peep at us. I'll go and turn them out."

"I'll come with you," said Sue, hastily.

They climbed up and walked across to the hut. The boundaries of the garden had disappeared into the drifting sand which lay deep over everything. Sue pointed. Two fresh sets of tracks led up to a side door. There they got a bit mixed, as if the two owners had stood about. But there were no tracks coming away.

A thick, hot silence lay over

Continuing . . . Sky High

[from page 45]

everything. Tim tapped on the door with his finger-tips. The silence remained unbroken. He tapped a little harder. Under his pressure the door swung open.

Tim peered inside. It was a small and dust-choked lobby, with two more doors leading off it, both shut. The silence was absolute, more absolute than natural. It was the silence of held breath.

Something caught Tim's eye. He bent his head to look. Then he said to Sue, and for the first time his voice sounded serious, "That door wasn't just forced. Someone's picked the lock, I guess. And pretty neatly, too. I really think you'd better—"

He gestured with his arm. "Certainly not," said Sue in an indignant whisper. "If there's any shooting I want you right in front of me."

"As you like," said Tim. He moved up to the left hand door, opened it with a quick kick, and jumped in.

The room was empty. There was a little, cheap, beach-hut furniture; the most solid piece was a cupboard, the doors of which hung open. Tim went down on one knee and looked at the lock.

"Picked this one, too," he said. "All skill, no force. Quite an operator."

"The other room," said Sue urgently.

Tim heard it, too. He crossed the intervening space at a lumbering trot, kicked open the second door, and went through.

The noise they had heard was someone trying to open a window which had long been unopened.

"Good grief," said Tim, "what are you up to?"

"Rupert," said Sue. "Maurice."

Two very white faces stared back at them.

Rupert recovered first. "We were exploring," he said.

"All right," said Tim. "You were exploring. But explain just how you opened the front door—and the cupboard. You didn't do that with a bent pin."

"I—," said Rupert.

"He—," said Maurice. Any further explanations were cut short by the falling out from under Rupert's coat of a curious-looking instrument.

Tim picked it up.

It was about ten inches long, of bright steel. One end was formed into a sort of double handle, one fixed and one movable. The other end was formed like a sort of flat key with two wards, rotating on a screwed thread. The wards moved independently, as the handles were turned.

"I see," said Tim. As he

did, with horrible clarity. "Where did you pick this up?"

Rupert's mouth was a thin line.

"Rupert," said Sue. "It was you, then—you opened the poor-box—you did it when you went out of the room, during practice—"

Rupert said nothing. He did not even bother to turn his head. Maurice started to snivel. "And he shared it with you," said Sue, turning on him fiercely. "That's how you got the note. Isn't it?"

Maurice was made of softer material than Rupert.

"I never took it," he said.

"Rupert took it."

"Shut up," said Rupert.

"Go on," said Tim. "Let's hear the truth."

"He took it," said Maurice.

"We went splits. He said it would be all right, see. I never touched the box. He opened it with that thing of his."

"Where did you get that pick-lock?" said Tim.

"He got it—," said Maurice. "He found—"

He got no farther. Rupert was at his throat. They went down in a cloud of dust with Tim on top of them.

It only took him a few seconds to prize them apart, but Maurice was already scarlet and the marks of Rupert's fingers stood out on his neck.

"You say a word," said Rupert, "and I'll kill you. Understand. Kill you."

"What on earth are we going to do?" said Sue.

"The first thing," said Tim, twisting his hand even more firmly into Rupert's collar, "is to find Liz."

While Sue stayed outside with the two boys, Tim talked with Liz in the privacy of the manageress' office back in the pavilion.

He finally pulled out from his jacket pocket the curious instrument he had taken from Rupert.

"If it had just been a matter of breaking into an empty beach hut," he said, "we wouldn't have worried, at least, not unduly. A bit of mischief worth a thick ear, but nothing more. This is what takes the whole thing out of the infant's class." He nodded down at the bright piece of steel on the table.

"What is it?" Liz moved it delicately with her gloved finger-tip and the steel winked back at her.

"It's a very beautiful and precise piece of craftsmanship," said Tim, "known as a

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Monograms for embroidery

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 10, 1955

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are August 9 and August 12. Wear primrose-yellow in jumper or blouse if you want to receive admiration from the opposite sex.	★ Your self-confidence is likely to carry you through what at first might appear utterly impossible. This may, however, make demands on your nervous strength.	★ Should your life partner be somewhat difficult to get on with just now, the condition is only temporary. Financial affairs may be involved.	★ Every passing day binds you and the one you love closer together; many of you are likely to look back on this period as a time of exceptional happiness.	★ Get in touch with friends early when making social arrangements or you are likely to find them already engaged elsewhere. Do not trust to luck.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are August 12 and August 15. Pastel blue will give you confidence in your ideas and create favorable conditions in the home.	★ Since you are determined and ambitious as well as eager to make good and are at present keeping your eye on the main chance, a business opportunity may loom up.	★ Blessings will not come singly; you should find this a happy period for agreeing with the marriage partner or, if single, for coming to a decision.	★ Should what you have regarded as a mild flirtation develop into a serious love affair, you may find it leisure moments with long-term plans for a future which is shared.	★ Haste, impulsiveness, or clashes with people who have fixed views would make the sparks fly. If you bump into opposition, keep your opinions to yourself.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are August 10 and August 14. Almost any color which is soft and becoming, especially pretty gloves, will help you to gain success.	★ Abandoning reckless optimism, you may become conservative, decline invitations, neglect your ordinary pastimes in favor of serious study and settle down.	★ By letting circumstances and unexpected breaks work for you, there is the possibility of solving a long-standing problem about your place of residence.	★ Little jauntiness may take you and the boy-friend, girl-friend, or the marriage partner into companionship with people whose tastes are similar to your own.	★ Good intentions and an amiable state of mind make it easy for you to deal with people. This attitude will get better results than aggressive, argumentative methods.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are August 11 and August 13. Off-white or very pale green with a white collar will be useful if you're hunting bargains.	★ Sunshine on your financial basis may put heart into you, so you feel encouraged to apply for a new post or step in as a result of unexpected developments.	★ Domestic finances could easily become a bone of contention. This may be due to lack of co-operation between members of the household. Don't go emotional.	★ Middle-aged lovers facing a second spring may blossom out into matrimony, which surprises their friends. Sudden decisions for the long married.	★ Don't be too hasty to act on rumors, the origin of which may be hard to track. This will prevent you from making a serious mistake.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are August 10 and August 13. Wear sage-green frock or jumper and tan accessories if you wish to make the best possible impression.	★ More pay means extra work, but if the boss is counting on you in time of stress, perhaps because of illness on the staff, you'll feel ready for anything.	★ If you have set your heart on accomplishing an ambition related to your loved ones you have a right to be confident in your success, but there may be hurdles ahead.	★ If you've been pushing the one you love around lately, telling him what to do, then you are in for trouble. Remember he got on fine before you ever met him.	★ Plenty of fun and activity. Wish hard and try hard to do what you believe is fair. You will be found out if you excuse yourself in favor of a later invitation.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are August 11 and August 14. Bring out any amethyst ornament you may have or wear a mauve belt or frock for luck.	★ There's just a chance you might, along with friends, partners, or workmates, be lucky in a mild gamble. If so, don't put your winning back into kitty.	★ If you're acquiring a new skill, don't expect to be perfect after a few tries. An older member of the family is likely to give you pointers. Don't be sensitive.	★ Dreams are the stuff of young love, but they can grow into reality only if you make up your mind to do something about it. Make occasions to meet his family.	★ If something unpleasant crops up, keep control over your temper. Should an invitation be cancelled or someone let you down, it probably couldn't be helped.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are August 9 and August 11. Electric-blue, wool mixtures with a bluish tinge, also silver or mar-casite ornaments are romantic.	★ Avoid taking sides when a discussion grows heated; a difference of opinion with associates could easily become a real feud, lead to embarrassing situations.	★ Creative urges are fine, but don't back them with cash until you know exactly what you are doing. Being a good amateur dressmaker doesn't make you a professional.	★ You may be called on by the boy-friend, girl-friend, or marriage partner to sacrifice time and energy to help a person who is rather difficult and unempathetic.	★ Young people are especially favored, and some plan which appealed to your hopes and wishes may, after a number of setbacks, get going. Clubs flourish.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are August 9 and August 15. Sunburst-yellow, tangerine, golden-yellow are fine, particularly for formal evening occasions.	★ Criticism is hard to bear, but it's all in the day's work. Voluntary workers often object to plans suggested, but have little that's concrete to offer as a substitute.	★ You'll enjoy life this week and find satisfaction in doing something clever and unusual. Use your hands and imagination, giving each job a special touch.	★ If you are very young and if your first love affair is keeping you in a glamorous haze, don't regard it as a personal affront if he dances with another.	★ It would not harm your prospects to mingle socially with influential people, as it might be wise to accept an invitation which may appear rather expensive.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are August 12 and August 14. A red hat, the brighter the better, will work wonders in your affairs. Otherwise, a red flower.	★ A complete right-about-face, a number of sudden changes may surprise your family, friends, or fellow-workers, but you at least know what you are doing.	★ Letting small annoyances get the better of you, you may snarl up more than one day's effort. Make no changes until you are certain they are for the best.	★ The boys and girls who meet in another district always seem more fascinating than the old neighborhood crowd. Out-of-town folks are likely to enter your life.	★ Your advice may be sought by friends or neighbors, and your experience can help others in a similar situation. In some cases you welcome home an old friend.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are August 11 and August 13. Place a sprig of violets or lilac on your all-black or black-and-white costume for luck.	★ Investments, whether large or small, are likely to be much debated in your own mind. Play safe, keep away from reckless schemes or unsound propositions.	★ Be extra careful around the house where slips or falls are possible. Avoid standing on chairs or rushing about on polished floors. Be cautious with fire.	★ Have you gone a bit sour on love lately? That's a temporary attitude which usually follows a friendship that didn't pan out. Don't look back.	★ There is danger that you will be persuaded into promising more than you can carry out because a refusal may give offence. Ask for time to think it over.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are August 12 and August 15. Strive shades, burnt-brass color, or parchment will have a favorable influence on romance.	★ If you're looking for a job, personal influence could be important in securing an interview. If you want to ask a favor it will probably be granted.	★ Take time to look into any matter before condemning a proposition, particularly in connection with younger members of the family, who may be enthusiastic.	★ Either an old romance takes on fresh lustre or you will be happy over new love, object matrimony. Hasty weddings often turn out very well for Aquarians.	★ Let others set the pace if you want to get away from everyday monotony. Fall in with their wishes and enjoy amusements, casual hospitality, or impromptu outings.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are August 10 and August 13. Wear charcoal-grey if you have business to transact, brighten it with a rainbow-colored poy.	★ A practical, matter-of-fact attitude is fine. If you borrow, return it promptly. If you lend, do not hesitate to ask for what is yours and keep clear of sentiment.	★ Something may happen to upset the household routine; turmoil through house cleaning, unexpected guests, or a minor illness to a member of the family.	★ Don't make a martyr out of yourself to please the one you love, who probably likes you just as you are. Attempts to make yourself over may bring frustration.	★ Inability to make up your mind on several occasions may have its good points; at least you won't do the wrong thing just coast along this week, brighter days ahead.



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Liz jumped a couple of squares.

"So it was Rupert who opened our door-box—"

"I fancy so. And split the proceeds with Maurice. But that isn't the main point, is it? The question is, where did he get this jigger from? You don't buy them at ironmongers, you know."

He handled the bright instrument lovingly. As he moved the handles the two tiny levers opened and shut like mandibles of a Picasso crab.

"Precision work," he said. "Small enough to operate quite a tiny lock, but strong enough for a big one, too."

"Does Rupert admit that he robbed the poor-box?"

"Maurice admits it, Rupert isn't saying a word."

"What on earth are we going to do?" said Liz, helplessly.

"We can't just let them sit down and scoff sausages with the rest of the choir as if nothing had happened, but I don't see that we can actually lock them up until the coach goes. If only—"

"What about telephoning Bob? It wouldn't take him long to get down here in that car of his and he could take both boys straight back."

"Bob? Yes, I suppose we could do that." She seemed curiously unenthusiastic. "I don't think we shall be able to get hold of him just now. He's at a Council meeting."

"Have him paged. They must be able to get at him somehow. Supposing his house was on fire."

Liz took a deep breath, turned squarely on Tim, and said "I think it's about time you knew that Bob—oh, hullo. Yes, who is it?"

"Only little me," said the manageress. "There's a man asking for you."

"A man."

"A big man," said the manageress coyly. "Oh, here he is."

Jim Hedges appeared.

"Finished my work," he said.

"Thought I'd come and look you up. Am I in time for tea?"

"My goodness, Jim," said Liz. "How glad I am to see you. Have you brought your car with you? Good. Then I'll allow you five minutes for a cup of tea and you're on your way back again."

It didn't work quite as quickly as that. Some explanations had to be given; and Big Jim, despite his preoccupation, succeeded in doing justice to a substantial tea; but within twenty minutes his old saloon was headed north again.

In the back, both completely silent now, the two boys sat with Sue. Tim was in the front seat, beside Jim, who drove with the deceptive careful carelessness of a man who spends his life behind a steering wheel.

The sun, which had shone bravely through the day, dipped at last into a bank of cloud along the western rim of the sky. Dusk slowly colored the fields.

"Put the clocks back soon," said Jim, breaking a long silence. "Then we shan't get no more of these evenings."

He switched on his lights as they were running across Ditchley Common. Nobody spoke again until the car drew up outside the Artside house.

"Will I run Rupert home?" said Jim.

"No. He's staying with us until Bob comes along," said Sue.

"Liz was phoning him when we left. I don't know

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what she's up to, but we'd better do as she says. Hop out, Rupert."

"All right," said Rupert.

Maurice gave him a desperate look, which his ally ignored.

"I'll be going on then," said Jim, after a pause. "Bad business. Expect we shall see things better in the morning. You can come and sit up beside me, Morry. I'm not going to eat you."

The car sighed off into the darkness.

A little, cold wind had got up with the going down of the sun and Tim saw Sue shivering.

"Come on," he said, "let's go in and light a fire and get a drink."

They were half-way up the path when Rupert suddenly stopped.

"Come on," said Tim.

"Is there anyone in your house?" said Rupert.

"Not as far as I know," said Tim.

"It's Anna's day off."

"What's up?" said Sue.

"I thought you might be interested," said Rupert, "that's all. There's someone up in your top story. I saw a flash

very little noise. The house was almost dark, but not quite. As your eyes got used to it you could see a little."

As he passed the tenth stair, just before the bend, he felt something fragile snap as his leg hit it; then a slithering, then a horribly loud clatter.

He knew at once what had happened. The man upstairs had fastened a stout piece of thread across the tread and suspended something from it—probably a brass ashtray—to give him warning of anyone trying to creep up on him.

He'd got his warning, all right. Tim took the rest of the stairs fast, scuttled inside the first door, and settled down to wait.

The light they had seen had been on the top story, which was Anna's room, the box-room, and the tank-room. You got to it by a steep secondary staircase, which was covered only by a thin rug and had a most peculiar squeak. Tim was confident that no one, go he ever so carefully, could come down unheard.



"You might show a little more interest in something for Aunt Martha."

just as we got to the gate, and another just now. It looks like an electric torch."

Three pairs of eyes stared at the house, which remained blind and unresponsive.

"Is this a try-on?" said Tim.

He had lowered his voice.

"Try-on for what?" said Rupert.

"If I had wanted to bunk I could have bunched ten times by now—only there's nowhere to go."

He sounded so desolate that Sue restrained a mad impulse to put an arm round him.

"You're right," said Tim suddenly. "There he goes. Well played, Rupert. If you hadn't kept your eyes open we'd have walked right into it. You two—I think you'd better go back to the road and wait."

"Think again," said Sue.

"All right, but if you come with me you've got to do what you're told."

His two assistants nodded dutifully.

They moved round to the back of the house. One of the french windows in the drawing-room could be opened from the outside if you knew the trick. No trick was necessary.

When they got there the window was swinging on its hinges.

"Got in this way, did he," said Tim. It started a new train of thought. "Must be a friend of the family. Now, look here, you two, you stay here. You can leave the passage door open so you can hear what's going on, and ring up the police if I seem to be getting the worst of it."

"All right," said Sue.

"And if any shooting starts, lie down."

"Ra-ther!" said Rupert.

Tim started quietly up. The front stairs were solidly built and well carpeted, and he made

Always supposing that he was not down already.

There could be no harm in waiting. In such blind and deadly games of hide and seek the man who waited longest usually came out best. On one such occasion—how long ago now?—in Salonika, he had sat waiting so, hour after patient hour, at the top of a rickety flight of stairs until the old Greek below had got tired—or had persuaded himself that Tim was not there at all—and had lighted a cigarette, which was precisely the last thing he had done in his long and evil life.

If you waited long enough and sat still enough you usually heard something or saw something.

He heard it.

It was a tiny but distinct noise, somewhere right at the end of the passage.

Seemingly, then, the man had made his way down the attic stairs whilst they were getting into the house. If so, he must have heard the ashtray drop. How long would it take him to persuade himself that it was the cat that had broken the thread?

Another tiny noise. His man was on the move.

Tim thought that he ought to shift himself. Where he stood, just inside the doorway of the bathroom, anyone coming past would see him silhouetted against the grey of the window.

He edged out into the passage. Silence had dropped again, broken only by the bilious rumblings of the water tank.

The next door on the left was his mother's bedroom.

He won't be in there, thought Tim. The noise was farther off than that. He's either at

the end of the passage or inside one of the rooms up that end.

He went on hands and knees along the thick carpet of the corridor. He was passing the bedroom door on his left when something stopped him.

Wait. It was gone. Try again. He had it.

It was a small, faint but quite distinct, overriding the soapy, disinfectant smell from the bathroom and the scent and floor polish from his mother's room.

Sharp and unmistakable. With a tang to it—something between sweat and metal polish. He remembered smelling it before, as he had stood with MacMorris two weeks ago, outside the door of the little attic, with the water tank gurgling and whistling inside.

The difference was that this time he recognised it. He had smelled it often enough in Greece and Palestine and Italy. It was the smell of fear. Quite close to him, crouched behind the door of the bedroom was a man who was mortally afraid.

Tim's own mouth was dry. A man who is afraid and has a knife is a bad opponent.

No good stopping, thought Tim. He knows you're here. But he doesn't know, yet, that you know where he is. Move on, as if you were going past the door, then at the last moment—

Pivoting on his heel, Tim hurled himself at the half-open door, in a shoulder charge. The door jarred on something soft and there was a protest of breath squeezed out of a body. Quickly Tim reversed, jerked the door open, and closed with his man.

He had him pinned into the corner behind the door. It was an awkward position for both of them. Whatever else you do, don't let go of his right arm. Cramp him. Keep him in the corner until you can work your hand down to his right wrist.

Tim felt the man contract. Then, in a wild flurry of effort, they staggered into the room. It was difficult to keep any foothold on the polished linoleum. We're going down in a minute. Must be on top after the fall.

Tim had forgotten the bed. As they went down they hit the back of it. The surprise shook them and both lost grip. The man tore himself free. No time for finesse. Tim dived after him.

He heard, more than saw, the knife blade which said "whisk" as it came through the air and "kreesh" as it slit through the front thickness of his coat from lapel to pocket.

Then Tim was on top of him, and they were both on the ground.

For a moment he thought he was winning, then he realised just how strong and clever his opponent was.

Unfurling by the fact that he was underneath, he was manoeuvring like a trained wrestler, and in a minute he would be in position for that quick heave and roll which would reverse their positions and put Tim on the under side.

Tim put out every ounce of strength and weight he had. He heaved his body up and came down—once, twice, three times—on the braced knees. With a sick feeling he realised that he was making no impression at all.

At that moment a lot happened at once.

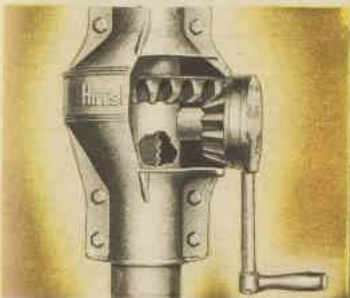
The light came on; a young voice said something urgent, his opponent turned the upward thrust of his body into a sideways roll; there was a sharp crack near, but not on, Tim's head and a sound of splintering; and the right wrist that Tim had been gripping for dear life slackened and slipped under them.

At first Tim thought it was

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his own blood which was jerking out, warm and urgent, over his hair on end, the remains of a china statuette in his hand.

Then he looked down at the floor, straight into the eyes of Sergeant Gattie. They were clouded but untroubled.

"Quite a fight, Captain," he said. "Must have rolled on my own sticker."

Tim knew enough not to move.

"Telephone the doctor," he said to Sue. "Quick as you can."

Sue fled.

"It's no go," said Gattie. Even in that short time he was perceptibly weaker. "And don't you try to patch me up either," he added with a flicker of spirit. "It's better like this. Let it go."

"Keep quite still," said Tim. "I'd like you to know something," said Gattie at last.

"Rest easy," said Tim. "Don't talk. We know you were acting under orders. And we know who was blackmailing you. This is closing night. It's all over now."

Gattie tried to say something more. Something urgent. Alarm flared in his eyes.

"What is it?" said Tim. "It was one word. It sounded like 'bath.'"

The door opened and Sue burst in. "I can't make anyone hear," she said. "It's the telephone. I don't think it's working."

"That's all right," said Tim. He got up slowly. He was

feeling terribly stiff. "It's too late now. Would have been too late anyway," he added as he saw the look on her face.

"Did I kill him?" said Rupert.

"No," said Tim. "You distracted his attention. He killed himself. Give me that bedspread, will you. I'd like to clean this up before mother gets back, but I expect the police ought to see him first."

They went out, shut the door, and went down to the hall.

Tim jiggled the telephone. It sounded quite dead.

"It's no good," said Sue. "I tried."

Tim pulled the instrument, and it came away in his hand. The flex had been cut under the telephone table.

"There's a call-box at the corner," said Sue.

"You stay here with Rupert," he said.

"I say—" said Rupert urgently.

They looked at him.

"You know Gattie was upstairs." They nodded. "What was he doing fiddling round with that torch. Was he fixing to blow this house up, too?"

Tim gasped. "I'd forgotten all about it." He paused for a moment. It seemed curiously difficult to think. Then he said, "You two go out into the garden—right down to the bottom. Now don't argue! You won't be any help in this. In fact you'll be in the way."

"Tim," said Sue, "you can't—"

"If we tackle it the right way," said Tim, "there's no danger at all. I can't explain how, but this isn't the sort of

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explosive which goes up at a certain time. You have to do something to start it off. If there are three of us in the house we're three times as likely to do it."

What doors had they opened, which must not now be shut? What lights had been turned on that must not be turned off? Or, if turned off, on no account turned on again.

Try to think. "Off you go," he said. "I can't get started till you're gone."

"Wouldn't it be better to wait for an expert—"

"I know as much about explosives," said Tim patiently, "as anyone within thirty miles of Brimberley tonight. If you're too obstinate to go yourself, you might think of Rupert."

"I'm not scared."

"Come on, Rupert," said Sue. "We're embarrassing the gentleman. We'll wait in the summer house till he whistles for us."

"But I don't want—"

"Look here," said Tim. "If you're not gone by the time I count five, tired though I am, I'll give you, here and now, the biggest wallop you've ever had in your life."

"If that's how you feel about it," said Rupert, composedly, "I'll go."

Tim watched them off and then went slowly back through the french window. First he must have a torch. There was one in the kitchen, he thought. Safer not to turn any more lights on, though. He got out his cigarette lighter, eased

round the half-open kitchen door, and started to search. In the end he found it hanging on a nail beside the plate-rack.

He came out again into the hall and walked upstairs. His search must start in the attics. If Gattie had planted the explosive anywhere else, why should he go up to the attics at all?

And it was not as if he was looking for something you could hide away just anywhere. The explosive to destroy a solid house like this would be a bulky packet—quite as big as a large suitcase.

The door to the attic stairs presented a problem. It was shut. There was no way round that. They had no ladder long enough to reach the top story windows.

Tim tried to consider the matter logically. It was, on the whole, unlikely that this particular door had been chosen, for the simple reason that there was no certainty that any of them would use it that night. In the end he opened it. Nothing untoward happened. He wedged it open.

There were four rooms on the top story. Two box-rooms, Anna's bedroom, and the room with the cold water tank in it. All the doors were ajar.

Tim started with the tank-room, which had nothing in it at all (except the tank), and searched systematically.

He lost all sense of time. He had no idea if it took him five

minutes or fifty, but in the end he had done it. He walked downstairs.

As he reached the hall the drawing-room door opened and Sue looked in.

"Whatever have you been doing?" she said. "Do you know you've been more than an hour? Rupert was getting worried. He said you'd fainted."

She look at him thoughtfully, and added, "You look as if you could do with a wash and brush up."

"I don't faint easy," said Tim with a grin. "To the best of my knowledge and belief the house is clear. I refuse to believe that Gattie had time to take up the floorboards and replace them without leaving a trace. Short of that I've looked everywhere in the house which could contain even a modest packet of explosive."

"Perhaps he dumped it in the garden whilst he went into the house to explore."

"That's an idea," said Tim. "But I'm not doing any searching tonight. Now for the call-box. Hullo—"

There were footsteps in the front porch, the rattle of a key in the lock, and the front door opened and Liz came in.

Close behind her was the General.

Liz took one look at her son, another at Sue, and a third at Rupert.

"What have you been up to?" she said.

"It's a long story," said Tim.

"Then you'd better tell it quickly," said Liz. Her voice was hard and high. "We're up against a time limit. I telephoned Bob and asked him to come round at nine o'clock. It's nearly five to nine now."

"All right," said Tim. "Only I'm going to sit down, if you don't mind." He led the way into the drawing-room.

It did not take long. The General said nothing. Liz, who had been listening like a person who hears bad but expected news, said, "You're certain, now, that he hasn't fixed his booby trap?"

"Pretty certain. I don't think there's any place bigger than nine inches square in this house that I haven't looked into. He can't have put it

anywhere. He wasn't here all that long."

"Didn't you say that he was trying to tell something—give you some warning—?"

"I couldn't hear properly. It might have been anything, really. It sounded like bath."

"Have you—?"

"Of course I have," said Tim. "In the bath, behind the bath, and under the bath. There's nothing there but a lot of dust and an old loafah I lost three years ago."

Liz looked at her watch.

"Rupert," she said, "will you go out into the kitchen and start getting yourself something to eat. Do you know how to fry an egg?"

"Rather."

"You'll find everything you want in the larder. That's the boy. And talking about baths—"

"All right," said Sue. "If you're indicating tactfully that I'd be better out of the way, I couldn't agree more. I've less than no desire to see Bob, and I feel as if I'd crawled backwards through the corporation rubbish dump. A big hot bath is just what I want."

"There's a clean towel in the airing cupboard," said Liz.

Something stirred, very faintly, at the back of Tim's mind, but no thought was born. He was sitting back—lying almost—in the chair and as long as no one asked him to move he thought he might get by.

The General said something quietly to Liz, who thought for a moment, then said, "I think they're all in the cupboard in the cloakroom, just inside the front door."

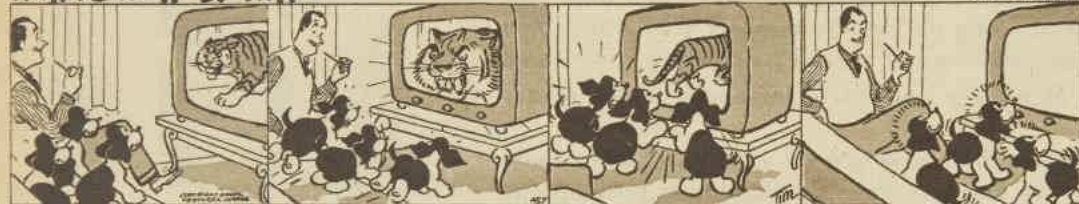
The General went out, and when he came back Tim saw that he was carrying one of his father's sporting rifles, a light twenty-bore with a dark, carved stock and old-fashioned ejector that had been made half a century earlier but was still a very lovely gun.

The clock on the mantelshelf struck, and, as at a signal, huge headlamps swung out of the road and into the drive. The big car came quietly to a halt. The engine was cut. A click

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

RELEASE FROM TODAY'S TENSION MEANS NEW LEASE OF LIFE FOR YOU!

It's easy to tell people to stop worrying, take it easy, forget it! But can you? No! Yet, the breakdown of vital bodily health starts with worry and strain, leads to nervous stress, develops into headache, nerve pain and traces its effect only too clearly on your face. Don't let today's tension get you down . . . combat these symptoms sanely, safely. Take 'ASPRO', the specific medicine for headache, colds and 'flu and the pain attendant on those many ills that seem part of today's living.

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JAPANESE MAPLES (*Acer palmatum*) are obtainable in a variety of colors and forms, and all show beautiful and brilliant coloring when their leaves first emerge in spring and later in autumn and early winter. This Japanese maple was photographed in the garden of "Everglades," in the Blue Mountains, Leura, New South Wales.

TREE PLANTING

The planting season for deciduous trees is reaching the "deadline," so obtain specimens grown in tins or tubs and plant them at once.

MOST of the European and North American species provide glorious color when grown in Tasmania, Victoria, South Australia, the tablelands and mountains of N.S.W. But many of them do quite well and color up satisfactorily if planted in the higher parts of Sydney.

Most of those mentioned here are deciduous (leaf-losing in winter), but there are a few outstanding evergreens which are worthy of inclusion in any spacious garden. They can also be used to accent beautiful spots or as single specimens in lawns.

The tilias are a family of handsome, hardy, deciduous trees, which include lindens, limes, and basswoods. The lindens have large, heart-shaped, shiny leaves of great beauty. In youth they are generally pyramidal in form, but some become irregular with age.

They have been extensively planted in southern States because of their dense, attractive foliage and the abundant fragrant yellowish flowers which add to their beauty. They are important as bee-forage trees.

The American linden (*Tilia Americana*) is much used as a street tree in some southern cities. The European linden (*T. vulgaris*) has smaller leaves and is generally more pyramidal. *Tilia platyphyllos*, the large-leaved variety, grows to 120ft., while the white linden grows to about 100ft., has more upright branches, and endures heat and drought better than the others, which require rich, moist soil.



IN BLOOM, *Aesculus hippocastanum*, or horse-chestnut, is one of the loveliest trees in existence in districts that can supply its requirements. It needs plenty of water.

Horse-chestnuts or buckeyes (*Aesculus*) grow to a great size and flower well. Their foliage is large, and the flowers, ranging from creamy white through yellow, pink, and greenish shades to tints of purple or red, are very beautiful.

Horse-chestnuts are fast growers, pyramidal in shape, cast dense shade when fully grown, and the large, highly varnished, sticky buds on terminal twigs provide a striking winter and spring feature. After the flowers fall they produce prickly seeds or nut-cases which contain large shiny, inedible nuts, known to children everywhere as "conkers."

The most common variety grown is *Aesculus hippocastanum*. This tree needs plenty of water as it is a native of moist to damp soils amply supplied with humus.

The Norway maple (*Acer platanoides*) is a large European tree with broad, rounded head. The leaves turn golden in autumn and remain long on the tree.

Silky oak (*Grevillea robusta*) is an Australian native, originally found from the Clarence River (N.S.W.) to Queensland,

but has been largely distributed in all States, where it is popular for its orange flowers in spring, its splendid form, and its valuable timber.

The lovely liquidambar is often disappointing in Sydney because its foliage does not produce the brilliant colors seen in high, colder country. It is a shapely tree, however, and even though its foliage merely yellows, is worth room in any spacious garden.

Copper beeches belong to the fagus family, and are suitable only to the coldest districts of the Commonwealth, such as the mountains in N.S.W. above 2000ft. or cold southern States, particularly Tasmania. The purple beech is particularly lovely.

The cedrus family includes several very fine foliage trees, notably *Cedrus atlantica glauca*, which produces silvery-green leaves which should be planted with darker green trees as a background. The popular deodar, *Cedrus deodara*, belongs to this family, and is a graceful tree of great beauty, suitable for avenues or specimens. *Cedrus atlantica aurea*, or golden cedar, is a more or less recent introduction which provides a brilliant display if grown in cool climates.

One of the gems, but much more costly than any of the others mentioned, is Koster's Blue Spruce (*Picea pungens*, var. *Kosteriana*). This is a lovely tree, with long, narrow needles of a metallic blue. It likes well-drained, moist land, and does best on high, cool country.

GARDENING

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as the car door opened, and a "tock" as it shut.

The General put the gun carefully down behind his chair. "I'll let him in," he said.

He went out and they heard the front door open and shut; feet in the passage; and Bob Cleeve appeared with the General just behind him.

"Come in, you murderer," said Liz, "and shut the door."

The three of them looked at Bob, and Bob looked back at them.

What does he say now? thought Tim, struggling against the waves of fatigue. What does anybody say in such a situation?

"Time plays odd tricks," went on Liz. "I find it almost easier to forgive you what you did in Cologne in 1920—though it lost me my husband—than what you've done to-night. Gattie's upstairs now."

"Dead?"
"First you blackmailed him into carrying on your stupid burglaries—because you'd got too fat or too dignified to do them yourself—then you sent him to be killed. He was a nice person, too. A better person than you."

"Not fat," said Bob. "I'd never allow myself to get fat. I'm as fit now as I was twenty years ago. Rupert was the trouble. If he felt lonely at night he used to come along to make certain I was still there. Couldn't risk him finding me gone."

He sat down carefully in the wing-backed chair beside the fire.

"How long have you known?" he said. "And, incidentally, who does know?"
"Just the three of us," said Liz.

"Well now," said Bob. "When did you guess?"

"When you told me," said Liz. "No sooner and no later. That evening at Clamboys. Do you remember? When you said that you never saw a problem in the abstract. All your difficulties were people—you actually mentioned Rupert."

"A bit obscure."
"It didn't register at once," said Liz. "But perhaps you remember, a week earlier, sitting in this very room with Hubert

and me. Telling us the story of Feder, the country house burglar. How he came to his downfall through being seen by a boy. It's plain now. You were rationalising your own fears. You were deadly afraid it might happen to you, so you invented it happening to someone else. Pure voodoo."

"How do you know?"

"Don't be silly," said Liz. "I asked Tom Pearce, of course. Nothing like that happened to Feder at all. He was caught, all right; but nothing like that. They got at him from the receiving end. Through one of his safe deposits."

"Did they now?" said Cleeve, amiably.

Watch him, thought the General, he's fluffing. This isn't really going home at all. He's acting. Dangerous man. Don't relax.

"It's when a thing is absolutely obvious"—went on Liz—"patent and above board and plain from beginning to end—that you don't see it. To start with, how could you possibly be so disgustingly rich, unless you were a crook? Your family never had any money, did they?"

"Not a penny."
"And all the jobs you've ever done. Army and police and Home Office. They never paid you enough to get fat on."

"They paid the most inadequate salaries."

"And yet, there you were living like a nabob, with an enormous house and servants and horses and cars. And, of course, when one comes to think about it, you had a top Q job at Cologne in 1920. That must have been the foundation of your family fortunes—"

"I'd pulled off a few modest coups before then, but I admit that was the beginning of the big stuff."

"Motor cars and tyres and petrol and Red Cross medical stuff—"

"And food," said Cleeve, with savage good humor. "We'd any amount of food, and the Germans were starving, remember?"

"And I suppose Bill had just about got wise to you."

"Believe it or not," said Bob, "and you probably won't, be-

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cause I can't possibly prove it, but that was nine-tenths genuine accident. A very fortunate accident for me, I admit, but an accident just the same."

Liz gave him a long, cold look. "The trouble is," she said, "that you're so corrupt that nothing you say has got very much meaning in it. It might be true. It might not. Was the blowing up of MacMorris an accident, too?"

"Good heavens, no. It was a most carefully planned job. Practically the perfect crime. We couldn't be expected to guess that the little creature was going to lose his nerve at the last moment and start writing letters to himself, and roping Tim in. If it hadn't been for that, he'd have gone up and no questions asked. I'd planted one or two ideas in the official mind that he might be the country house burglar they were so interested in. Burglars handle explosives. MacMorris blew himself up. Therefore MacMorris was the burglar."

"Very neat," said Liz. "Where did Gattie put the explosives?"

"Under the bed," said Cleeve, a shade too quickly.

That's a lie, thought Tim, coming suddenly to the surface. The bed would have disintegrated if the explosive had actually been under it or even near it. He's telling the truth about some things and lies about others. Why should he bother to lie about that?

"Since you're being so obliging—"

"So suspiciously obliging," said the General.

"—perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me, just as a matter of interest, why you should have tied a rope across the General's gatepost and then run into it yourself?"

"I'm afraid," said Cleeve sadly, "that that bit was all Gattie. He did it off his own bat. I think your activities had begun to alarm him, and he decided that it would be better for all concerned if you were laid by for a bit. I'm sure he didn't actually mean to kill you."

"You overwhelm me," said Liz. "And I suppose you're telling us all this because you know we can't prove it."

"There's not a shred of proof in it from beginning to end. It's all the purest surmise. Intelligent assessment of probabilities. Or moonshine and wishful thinking, according to which side you see it from."

"There's a little more to it than that," said Liz. "I don't know how far the police took you into their confidence, but they've been watching Brasseys and the Captain for over a year—"

"Brasseys? Oh, you mean that eating place in Sloane Square, kept by the character with side whiskers. I have been there once or twice. Got to eat somewhere when you go up to town."

"Six times in the past twelve months."

"You surprise me. Me and who else?"

"Oh, about five thousand other people," agreed Liz. "It's just a tiny scrap of corroboration. Also there's a strong possibility that the police will be gathering in the Captain and his boy friends any day now, and he may decide to purchase his own comfort by a little discreet gossiping."

"I don't think he knows very much about me, really," said Cleeve. "And the worst I know of him is his post-war claret."

"All right. Then there's the wife of Sergeant-Major Bottler."

"Now there you have got me. I don't remember the Sergeant-Major at all."

"No?" said Liz. "He remembers you, though. And he

took the trouble to ring up the General yesterday and tell him so."

They both looked at the General, who shifted very slightly in his chair and said, "That's right." He had not taken his eyes off Cleeve for a fraction of a second since Cleeve had come into the room.

In the sudden silence they could hear, from upstairs, the faint wail and gurgle of the water tank as it filled again after Sue had finished running her bath.

The noise started off a curious train of thought in Tim's mind. It sprang from a triple coincidence of sight and sound and smell. On two different occasions he had stood, in the near darkness, outside an open door. On both occasions he had smelled the smell of a man in mortal fear. On both

water-tanks and chimneys always make such a peculiar noise when they were refilling, particularly at the moment when they were nearly full?

"You realise," said Liz sharply, "that there is someone who can give evidence against you. Rupert must have solved the secret of your famous Priest hole; and incidentally helped himself to one of the implements you keep there—along with the explosive, and the swag and other things you wouldn't care to leave lying about the house. You didn't by any chance lose a pick lock? It might have been some time ago. Rupert is quite expert with it now."

That hit him, the General thought. There's his head coming round. He's going to charge.

"I don't know what you mean," said Cleeve at last, "but if you think that you or anyone else can make Rupert say anything he doesn't want to, I should advise you to think

him when he gets back." "That's right," said Jim. "If he gets back." They could all hear the engine raring into top pitch as the big car, driven by an angry man, hit the long, straight stretch west out of Brimberley, on the Clamboys road.

In the silence Tim heard something else, too. It was a noise he knew well. The characteristic, expiring effort of the water cistern.

Why did they make that peculiar noise. The water ran out, and the ball cock dropped as the level fell. Then, as the level rose, the arm carrying the great brass float rose, too, shutting up the inlet valve. Up, down, and up again.

Suddenly he gave a cry that jerked all heads round together. "What fools we are! No time to talk. Jim, get Rupert out of that kitchen and turn on the sink taps. JUMP TO IT!"

Jim jumped.
"General, take Liz out—right away—down the garden. Fast as you can. DON'T ARGUE!"

Then he was gone.
He took the steps in four. There was no time even to try the bathroom door. He ran at it and slammed the sole of his foot hard, an inch below the china handle.

A smacking crack as something broke and the door burst inwards.

Sue was standing just beside the bath. She gave a very faint squeak. Tim did not even spare her a glance. He was at the basin. With two rapid movements he flicked on the taps. Then the bath taps.

"Put a towel round you," he shouted, then swept her up and was out into the passage and skidding down the stairs.

Sue said "Ouch!" as a bare bit of her hit the banisters. Then they were cascading down the hall and out into the garden.

"I think I could walk now," she said faintly.

Tim put her down absently and she gathered the towel round her. Fortunately it was a large one.

At the bottom of the lawn they found the General, with Liz and Jim Hedges, with Rupert pick-a-back on his shoulders.

"Hadden't we better get a bit farther—or lie down—?" said the General.

Tim let out his breath in a long, slow sigh.

"No," he said. "It's all right now. But give it five minutes."

"I got both taps on in the kitchen," said Jim. "And I got Rupert, too."

"Not half, he didn't," said Rupert. "He nearly broke my arm when he picked me up. I say, isn't this fun. What happens next?"

"Nothing," said Tim. "Nothing. It's all over."

They stood together in the dusk, listening to the cascading of the water.

"I could kick myself now for having been so stupid," said Tim to Tom Pearce. "It was presented to me on a plate twice, and I missed it."

"Lucky you didn't quite miss it the second time," said Pearce, "or we should have had a real old mystery on our hands."

"I don't know," said Inspector Luck, resentfully, "that I understand it now."

"It was the water in the main cold water cistern," said Tim. "However many other tanks you have, if you use any water in the house anywhere it must, ultimately, empty that tank—which fills again from the main. The whole thing is regulated by a valve, which opens and shuts by means of an arm, with a floating ball on the end. The ball goes down, the valve opens wide, the water rushes in. As the water level comes up, the ball comes up

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too, and shuts the valve. It's the last dying jerks of the arm letting in little spurts of water that causes the extremely odd noises most tanks make when they're almost full.

"But—" said Luck.
"The point is," said Tim, "that unless some water has been run recently the tank won't make any noise at all. It isn't a living organism. You've got to do something to set it going—pull a lavatory plug or run a basin of water. So why should the MacMorris tank have been gurgling at me when he and I were searching the house. I'd already been in the house at least half an hour—probably more. And MacMorris hadn't been out of my sight."

"He might have just finished a bath the moment you came."
"All right. So he might. I don't think he had, but it was just possible. But how could anything like that have happened in our house when I got back after the choir outing? It was Anna's day off. The house was—or should have been—empty since before lunch. Yet the tank was active. Meaning that someone had drawn off some water—and recently."

"I still don't see," said Luck. "Where did Gattie put the explosive?"

"You're not trying," said Tim. "He put it in the tank, of course. A little water doesn't hurt a good modern explosive. You can immerse it for weeks. I think the sequence was this. First empty out enough water from the tank. There's usually a runaway tap up in the loft. He could use that. Tie back the valve arm so that no more runs in. Fix your detonating mechanism—a three-way switch—to the valve arm. Then untie the valve arm so that the water could run back to its proper level. That was all you had to do. The victim himself would do the

rest next time he drew off any water. If it was just a basinful to wash his hands—which I think was all MacMorris did before he went to bed—then the tank—would refill quickly and the explosion would be quick. If you emptied the tank for a smacking great hot bath, like Sue, bless her, then it would take much longer for the arm to come right up again and set the thing off."

"And so long as you kept some water running—the tank would never quite refill, and you'd be safe."

"That's it," said Tim. "And if you never washed at all, you'd be safer still. Cleanliness farthest from godliness, really."
"I see," said Tom Pearce. "I'll remember it next time I have a bath. That letter—I take it MacMorris probably did write that to himself."

"I should think so. Yes. Something made him suspicious. He felt they were moving in on him. Perhaps Gattie came into the house to reconnoitre and he heard him. Something like that. I think, too—though it's of no importance now—that it was MacMorris who destroyed that photograph. He wouldn't want it in evidence if the police were going to come nosing round. To direct a lead back to his past."

"Wonder he kept it at all," said Luck.

"He was proud of it," said Tim. "The Regiment is a bigger thing than you."

"Apparently," said the General, "when he got back to Clamboys he spotted Luck's car—careless of Luck, that. So he turned straight round and went back down the drive fast. Don't know what was in his mind. I expect he'd got one or two safe deposits and that sort of thing. May have hoped to skip the country. Came out into the road too fast and went straight under a ten-ton lorry."
"Yes," said Liz. She sounded

Continuing . . . Sky High

[from page 52]

neither vindictive nor upset. "Tom Pearce missed a chance there. As soon as I heard about it I suggested he took Gattie out and put him in the car beside Bob. That would have solved all their troubles."

"He couldn't do that."

"Why not?"
"Most irregular. You could never hush it up. Bound to come out about Bob."

"I wasn't worrying about Bob," said Liz. "He did it because he enjoyed it. I told him as much. He was an Elizabethan. Piracy. Throat cutting. Love making. I wouldn't be surprised if he didn't write sonnets as well. No. All the regrets I've got are for Gattie. Thank goodness he wasn't married, but his mother's still living. I've spoken to her. She's a nice old girl, and she's going to get hurt by this. Rupert, too."

"What are you doing about Rupert?"

"He's staying with me," said Liz. "He ought to go to school right away."

"You can count me in on that," said the General. "We'll finance him jointly. He'll be a credit to us yet."

"If only you'd explained," said Sue.

"Well, it seemed so silly," said Tim. "There I was, with

everyone assuming I was in the Secret Service, and all the time I was holding down a respectable job as an estate agent."

"Was that how you knew all about Belton Park?"

"That's right. I'd inspected it the week before. I used to run round a lot of properties in the home counties. The firm lent me the car. It was rather fun."

"Why do you say 'was'?"
"You're not giving it up, are you?"

"Well—"
"I'd much rather marry an estate agent than someone in the Secret Service."

"That's all right, then," said Tim. He kissed her absent-mindedly. He felt no difficulty about that sort of thing now.

There was a lot to be said for starting your engagement by carrying the girl, mother naked, down a flight of stairs and dumping her on the lawn.

Broke the ice, so to speak.

"You do seem to have bad luck with your tenors," said Mrs. Um, signalling for her bill. "First that nice major, and then the police sergeant."

"I expect Tim will do the solo very nicely," said Lucy Mallory.

"I hope so," said Sue.

"As a matter of fact," said Liz. "I've had a last-minute offer—rather unexpected—I can't tell you definitely yet—"

But it was definite soon. Florimond said yes. Of course he would come down and sing the tenor solo for Liz. It would be the greatest pleasure in the world. It must be done unofficially, of course. Not a word to anyone.

Liz agreed.
Florimond no doubt meant what he said, too.

But he had not calculated with his publicity man, who had no use for lights if they were hidden under bushels, and saw no reason that such a chivalrous gesture should be entirely wasted.

Nothing vulgar like newspaper publicity, of course. But if you know how to use them there are faster and better ways of spreading news than the printed word.

At midday the first of the cars started to arrive. By one o'clock the parking problem was becoming acute; and a hastily assembled fatigue party was clearing the south gallery which had not been used since it had been condemned as unsafe before the turn of the century. At two o'clock chairs from the institute were rushed up in Jim Hedges' lorry and set outside the open west doors.

Fortunately the weather remained perfect.

The Vicar fussed round, getting in everyone's way, torn between horror at the mounting problem of accommodation and gratification at the probable size of the collection.

At two-thirty the choir squeezed their way through the extra benches in the transept and took their places.

The only perfectly composed people were Florimond himself—after some preliminary difficulty over cassocks it had been discovered that by fortunate chance, he and Liz were

exactly the same size—and Rupert.

Rupert fingered from time to time a piece of paper in the breast pocket of his flannel jacket. It was the prospectus of St. Oswald's school for boys. He had no need to look at it, for he had most of it by heart. "A fully equipped gymnasium with a whole-time physical-training instructor," who also "instructed in small-bore shooting on the 25 and 50 yard ranges."

Rupert had paced out twenty-five yards in Liz's garden that morning. He reckoned that if he could hit a moving cat at that range a stationary target should be easy meat. "Rugby football is played in both winter terms."

Both winter terms. If he went in January that meant he could start right in.

"We will commence," said the Reverend Hallibone, "with a prayer of thankfulness for the harvest."

A strange harvest, he could not help reflecting as he glanced at the row upon row of the packed and fashionable audience. Well, never mind. Was there not a saying about spoiling the Egyptians?

"Come, ye thankful people, come."

They were well together, thought Liz. The presence of Florimond and the pressure of the crowd were combining to raise them above themselves. It was going to be all right. It was going to be terrific. It was going to be a triumph. How Mrs. Um was going to hate her. How satisfactory everything was.

Rupert and Maurice and the other children. Tim and Sue. Lucy Mallory. Big Jim Hedges. Florimond himself, his face composed to a look of highly artificial piety.

"All are safely gathered in—"

Roll on winter.

(Copyright)

POWERFUL NEW SERIAL

OUR new serial, opening instalment of which will appear in next week's issue, is "My Brother's Keeper," latest novel by the outstanding American author Marcia Davenport.

This is a remarkably forceful and dramatic story, and has already become a best-seller.

Further details about it and its author are given elsewhere in this issue.

ARE THESE YOUR HANDS SPEAKING?



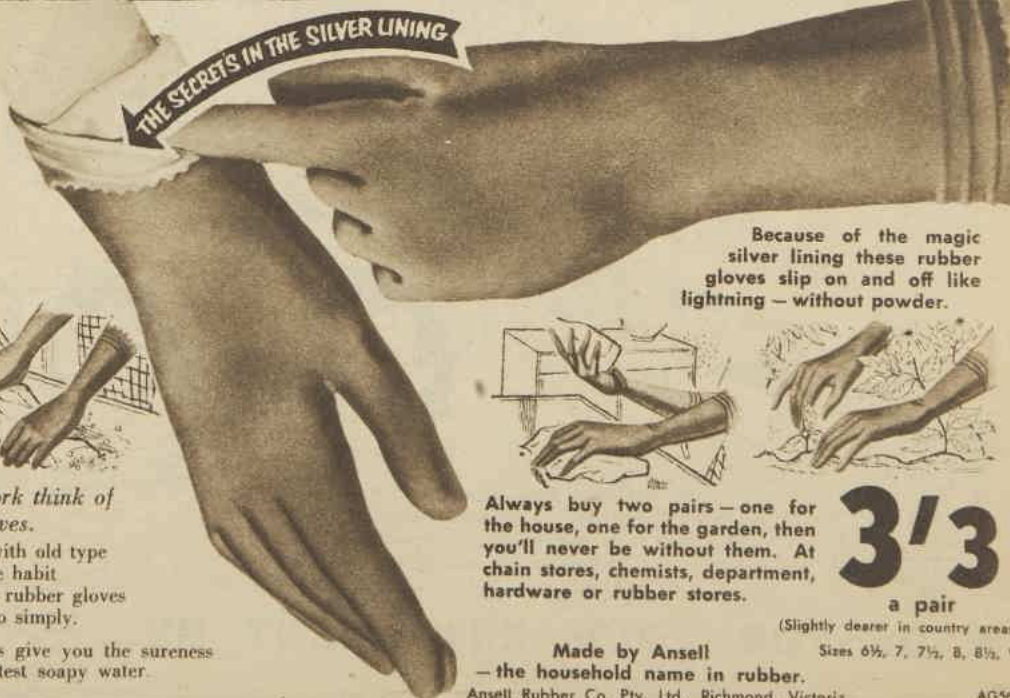
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MAC. ROBERTSON NUT MILK BLOCKS



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HAZEL NUT MILK CHOCOLATE
Here's a new and exciting
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— exotic Hazel Nuts set in creamy
Milk Chocolate. The new handy-shape
block gives you 21 pieces of this
nut-chocolate special.



BIG!

ASSORTED NUT MILK CHOCOLATE
Simply studded with crunchy nuts.
Walnuts, almonds, hazel nuts,
cashews and brazils.
Assorted Nut Milk Chocolate
block is a delicious
"meal between meals".



WONDERFUL!

Each block gives you

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SCORCHED ALMOND NUT MILK CHOCOLATE
Smooth Milk Chocolate . . . toasted almonds . . .
together they make Mac. Robertson's Scorched
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MN851

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 10, 1955

towards it. Adrian had nearly stopped the car, and then changed his mind and driven on, for he did not know, if he had stopped, what he could have said to her.

Carrie was talking again. "Really, you know, Adrian, I feel I ought to do something about her, but what?"

"Do you think she's happy?" he said, haunted by that brief glimpse, as though he had seen her for the first time.

"Happy?" cried Carrie. "Why, I haven't the least idea—how can you tell? It isn't as though she has moods—I almost wish she would. If only you'd take a little interest in her, Adrian, I'm sure that would help."

"I don't see what I can do," he replied cautiously.

"Well, you know—take her about with you a bit, when you go to a sale—that sort of thing. She might talk to you."

And so it came about that whenever Adrian went to a view or a sale, he would ring up Miriam first of all and ask if she would like to come. She never refused him. She sat beside him in the car and she never said a word.

To begin with he felt constrained by her silence and also by the understanding he had entered into with her mother: he had more or less promised he would make her talk. He felt that to force her to talk would be like breaking open a delicate box that had been locked and the key lost.

And so, instead of asking her questions that would necessitate her answering, he talked to her as though he was talking to himself, aloud, and Miriam listened. And after a time he came to find her company not onerous, but a pleasure. He liked to have her with him. He looked no further than that, nor, apparently, did she.

One day when they climbed into the car at the end of a sale, he saw that Miriam was carrying a parcel.

"Hullo," he said, "have you been doing a bit of bidding?"

She nodded.

"What have you got there? Can I see?"

Obediently she opened the

parcel. Inside it were a cup and saucer, a jug with a crack in it, and a broken snuff-box.

"What a funny little lot," said Adrian. "I hope you got it cheap. This little snuff-box is Battersea—I expect you know that. But I'm afraid it isn't worth anything, it's so bust up—pity!"

"I don't want it to be worth anything," said Miriam. "It isn't to sell, it's to keep."

Adrian felt rebuked by her words. He took the little box from her and looked at it more closely. On the cracked pink background was a heart, made up of very small white rosebuds. Arching above it were the words: "I give my heart to thee," and underneath, "Remember me."

"It's charming," he said, oddly touched.

Driving home that evening he felt the curiosity that had recently been lulled by her presence stir again and he longed to know her.

"Miriam," he said abruptly, "what do you want to do?"

At once she looked away from him. "I don't know." But he saw her eyes full of dreams, and her hands lay loosely curling upwards, as though waiting for all the treasures of the world to be poured into them.

"Well?" said Carrie briskly that same evening. "How's it going?"

"It's going very well," said Adrian defensively. He did not in the least want to talk about Miriam. Carrie persisted.

"But what does she say? What have you got out of her?"

"I haven't got anything out of her," said Adrian, goaded. "She isn't—you can't—!" He broke off, confused with the sudden desire to protect what lay so deeply hidden in Miriam.

"But there must be something in her. Why can't she tell us what it is, then we'd all know where we are. I like to know where I am."

Adrian turned on her fiercely.

"That's because you haven't got any imagination," he burst out. "You can talk, Carrie, but you've no imagination. Mir-

am's got plenty of imagination but she can't talk. She can't talk, don't you understand—can't, not won't, like some people can't sing. It's stupid and cruel to try to make her."

Carrie, who might have been extremely offended, was, indeed, highly amused. She laughed until she coughed.

"My dear Adrian, my dear man—I'm not a monster! I may have no—as you say—no imagination, but I'm not a monster!"

She was seized by another paroxysm of laughter. "You two—" she struggled to say, but could get no further. When she was calm again, she said unexpectedly and very simply: "I love her, you know." Adrian went away that evening with a strange mixture of feelings.

This conversation had an odd effect on him. Subtly, and almost unperceived by himself, it changed the course of his feelings for Miriam. A sense of responsibility for her pervaded him, as though he had become, unasked and perhaps unwanted, her guardian. He found himself watching her anxiously.

When she was not with him he wondered where she was and what she was doing and whether she was all right. Alone, without him, she might, he feared, too easily come to harm, and he thought of her as a lost spirit, not understood, not valued by anyone but himself.

Now that his attention was so turned upon her he perceived, as he had not done before, that she suffered. Her inability to express herself in words was for her an affliction that she strove and failed to overcome. There were times when she looked at him beseechingly, her hand clenched, so that he felt at last she was going to break out of her imprisonment, that words of immense importance were actually trembling on her lips, that she was about to tell him—what? He never knew.

Continuing . . . The Snuff Box

from page 3

He waited, but whatever it was she wanted to say, she could not. The barrier was too great, and they fell back on everyday remarks of no significance.

Then one morning she walked into his shop carrying in her arms a mahogany dressing-table looking-glass.

"Mother asked me to bring this round to you. She said you were expecting it."

"Oh, the glass, yes. Yes, I was—thank you."

"Where shall I put it?"

But for once he was pre-occupied beyond her. It was a busy morning.

"Oh, anywhere just for the moment. It doesn't matter."

Usually she was not a nuisance, but this morning she dogged him about the shop, stood at his elbow; he almost tripped over her. At last, when he was telephoning, she came close up to him.

"Goodbye, Adrian."

He smiled at her absently over the receiver and half raised a hand. Miriam turned and walked out of the shop. He was talking too hard to see her go.

The next day, wanting her to drive down with him to Suffolk to a sale, he rang her number. Carrie answered.

"Miriam?" she said. "But Miriam's gone."

"Gone?"

"Good heavens, what a stupid child she is—didn't she tell you? But she went round yesterday morning on purpose to say goodbye. She's gone to Paris—I really don't know why, it's no good asking me. She says she wants to study—I don't know what. I don't think she knows herself."

"She's been so strange lately, moaning about, I thought it best to let her go, if she really wanted to, and she did—absolutely determined. Such obstinacy, I wouldn't have thought she had it in her. Funny she never said goodbye to you—"

Adrian put the receiver

slowly back while Carrie was still speaking. His world was empty, Miriam had gone. It was a revelation to him that his world, because Miriam had gone, could suddenly be empty.

The days went by. Superficially they were the same days as they always had been. Adrian worked as hard as he had always worked. He did the same things, he saw the same people, but the time for him was empty, and strangely enough, although Miriam had never been a talker, he felt as though he was now encompassed by a great silence.

It was a silence without meaning, as her silences were not. He thought perhaps she might write to him, and even imagined when he was by himself the letters she might write, and imagined himself reading them. She did not write.

And then, some two weeks later, it so happened that a man came into the shop and wanted to buy the little mahogany looking-glass. Showing it to him, Adrian remembered the last time he had seen Miriam, when she had come into the shop carrying it in her arms, and he had been too busy to notice her.

He wanted to pick the glass up and hug it and keep it, never sell it. How could he have let her go so carelessly, so carelessly lost her?

"Hullo!" said the man. He was sliding the two small drawers in and out, testing them. "Does this go with it? Part of the sale?" He was holding in his hand a cardboard box, taken from one of the drawers, and this he now gave, without the remotest idea of what he was giving, to Adrian.

Adrian went over to the window with it, for the shop had suddenly become dark to him and he could hardly see; yet he knew what he was going to find.

Inside the cardboard box was tissue-paper, and inside the tissue-paper was the little broken Battersea enamel snuff-box. It lay now in the palm of his hand, and the words he read were not words enamelled on a snuff-box but spoken to him directly by Miriam. She

had broken down her barricade of silence in the only way she could:

"I give my heart to thee. Remember me."

That night Adrian flew to Paris. In his pocket lay the snuff-box, wrapped in the paper on which was written her address. Carrie had given it to him. There had been no need to ask her for it, although it was for this reason alone he had telephoned her.

"Oh, if you're going to Paris," she had said at once, interrupting him, "you might just look up Miriam, will you?"

Her voice was, as always, entirely matter-of-fact, but he had the idea she was laughing at him. Had he been wrong in saying she had no imagination?

"Give her my love," said Carrie, dry as dust, but possibly—was it possible?—as deep as the devil. And so Adrian flew to Paris with his destination in his pocket.

In the morning, early, he took a taxi and drove to Miriam's hotel. Never, he thought, had Paris looked so beautiful. The winter sun shone on the river and the bare trees; it shone on the grey stone and the slate roofs; and it shone on Miriam as she stepped out of her hotel on to the pavement just at the moment when Adrian's taxi stopped.

He took her arm without a word, and without a word they walked together down the narrow street towards the Seine. Together they leaned on the parapet and looked down at the twinkling water beneath them, as lovers in Paris have always done, without a word.

Behind them they heard the din of the traffic, bells ringing, policemen wildly blowing their whistles, but here was silence, for Adrian could think of nothing to say. He was tongue-tied.

Then at last he put his hand into his pocket and brought out the snuff-box. Then at last Miriam looked at him and he looked at Miriam, and with that look, that smile between them, words were no longer necessary.

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Through the week with Kraft Cheddar

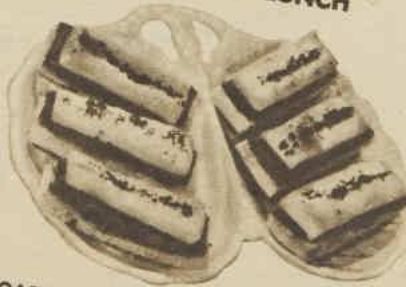


WEEK-DAY LUNCH



HOT SARDINE OPEN FACE SANDWICHES
Ingredients: 2 slices bread; 1 dessert-spoon Kraft Mayonnaise; 1 small tin sardines; 2 slices of bread and sardines.
Method: Toast slices of bread and spread with Mayonnaise. Arrange cheese slices on toast and then sardines. Slip under a medium grill for a few minutes until lightly browned. Serve hot.

SATURDAY LUNCH



TOASTED DEVILLED CHEESE HAMBURGERS
Ingredients: ½ lb. rissole steak; ½ teaspoon mustard; 1 dessertspoon grated onion; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce; 1 teaspoon salt; pinch cayenne pepper; 4 slices bread; 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar, thinly sliced; tomato sauce.
Method: Combine all ingredients, except bread, tomato sauce and cheese. Toast bread on one side. Spread untoasted side of each slice with some of meat mixture. Place under grill for approximately 6 minutes, or until meat is cooked. Spread with a little tomato sauce. Top with thinly sliced Kraft Cheddar and grill again until cheese is bubbling and lightly browned. If desired, cut each in three strips. Makes 4 open-face sandwiches.

SUNDAY SUPPER



EGGS FRANCISCO
Ingredients: 1 dessertspoon butter; 2 dessertspoons plain flour; ½ teaspoon salt; ¾ cup milk; ½ cup Kraft Cheddar, shredded; 4 slices hot buttered toast; 1½ oz. tin Red Feather Meat Paste; 4 poached eggs.
Method: Melt butter and blend in flour and salt. Slowly stir in milk and cook until thickened. Blend in Kraft Cheddar, stirring over a low heat until melted. Spread toast with meat paste, top each slice with a poached egg, and cover with the cheese sauce. Serve at once. 4 servings.

Kraft Cheddar is so handy and so economical . . . for all kinds of meals.

There are so many delicious ways of using nourishing Kraft Cheddar—from hot and tasty main dishes to fancy cheese cakes . . . for sandwiches, salads, savouries and snacks of all kinds.

KRAFT CHEDDAR

Available in the new 1-oz. portion; the blue 8-oz. packet; the family-size 2-lb. pack, or from the economical 5-lb. loaf.



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Kia-ora

Baked Beans & Spaghetti

Easy to prepare and delicious to eat, Kia-ora Baked Beans and Kia-ora Spaghetti are real time and money savers, too. Everyone loves that famous Kia-ora Flavour, so always have plenty on hand. Stock up with all 3 handy sizes of each.

Three handy sizes



Kia-ora means Good Health

Anticipating SPRING

• Clever housewives may anticipate spring and summer by using preserved fruits to make fine desserts like the ones shown on this page.

BERRY GATEAU

(Bottled cranberries, blackberries, loganberries, or strawberries are delicious this way.)

Two eggs, 1 scant cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot milk, vanilla, soft icing or whipped cream, berries.

Beat eggs well, add sugar gradually, continue beating 5 minutes. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder and salt, and butter melted in hot milk and vanilla. Fill into greased tin, bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. When cold, coat with icing or whipped cream, decorate generously with berries.

Recipes for the three dishes illustrated are given on this page. Other spring desserts will be found on page 58.

PEACH CRUMB PUDDING

(When in season use small whole peaches, cooked unpeeled, or use tinned, dried, or bottled peaches.)

Three-quarters pint milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread or cake crumbs, peaches.

Beat eggs with milk, sugar, evaporated milk, and vanilla. Fold in crumbs, pour into greased piedish. Stand in tin of warm water, bake in moderate oven until custard is set. Allow to cool, top with peaches before serving.

RASPBERRY VELVET

(Use tinned, quick-frozen, or home-bottled raspberries.)

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons desiccated coconut, whipped cream, raspberries.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, bring to boil, cool. Add egg-yolks, cream, vanilla, lemon rind, coconut, and egg-whites beaten stiffly with sugar. Place in serving-dish, top with whipped cream and raspberries.

Serve it tonight—delicious, unusual
KIDNEY and VEGETABLE SOUP



Here's hearty, steaming goodness—a nourishing soup that's economical, simple to prepare.



"Bonox adds richer flavour to all soups",
says Elizabeth Cooke—famous
Kraft cookery and nutrition expert.

Here's your special "Kidney and Vegetable Soup" recipe—direct from the Kraft Kitchen.

Ingredients:

3 dessertspoons of flour; ¼ lb. ox kidney; 1 medium carrot, diced; ½ medium turnip, diced; 1 large onion, chopped; 3 small potatoes, diced; 2 dessertspoons of butter; 6 cups water with 2 dessertspoons of Bonox dissolved in it; 1 teaspoon of vinegar or lemon juice; 1 dessertspoon of Worcestershire Sauce; 2 teaspoons of salt; pinch of pepper.

Method:

Wash ox kidney. Skin and dice it. Toss in flour. Melt the butter in a large saucepan, lightly fry kidney and

onion together. Add vegetables, vinegar or lemon juice. Bonox, water, salt and pepper. Mix remainder of flour to a cream with a little liquid. Add to the soup and simmer for 1½ hours. 6 generous servings. When you cook with Bonox, your family and friends will all notice the extra-satisfying, meaty difference. You'll find Bonox wonderful for all savoury cooking.

Tasty sandwiches, too!

Next time you're cutting cold meat lunches for the family, add a smear of Bonox for a beefy, lively flavour.

Available everywhere in 2, 4, 8, 16 and 28 oz. bottles. Eat and drink Bonox for a lift!

KB61

Potato cakes win £5

● This week's main prize-winner, sausages with potato cakes, is a good dish for breakfast on a cold morning.

THE sausages and the mashed potato for the potato cakes could be left-overs from the previous day. See recipe below.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAUSAGES WITH POTATO CAKES

Half pound potatoes, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, pinch pepper, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, fried sausages (small, thin ones are best), tomato sauce.

Cook and mash potatoes in usual way with butter and pepper. Gradually work in sifted flour. Add beaten egg and milk to make a pliable dough. Press out to barely ¼ in. thickness, cut into large rounds with a floured cutter. Cook on a hot, greased griddle-iron, or in a heavy frying-pan with a very small quantity of fat, until golden brown, turn, and brown other side. Split each



SAUSAGES AND POTATO CAKES served with tomato sauce make a tasty and satisfying breakfast. After the cakes have been turned, cook for 6 minutes. See recipe.

potato cake nearly through, place a hot sausage in each one and serve hot with tomato sauce.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. C. Neale, Welbeck House, Rosewood, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

A LAMB casserole topped with parsley puffs is this week's family dish. It costs four shillings and ninepence and serves four or five people.

LAMB BAKE WITH PARSLEY PUFFS

Four or five best neck lamb chops, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 parsnip, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 tomato, 2 cups stock or water, ½ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1-3rd cup milk.

Trim chops, remove loose bone. Scrape and dice carrot and parsnip, chop onion. Coat chops with seasoned flour, brown with vegetables in hot fat. Add vinegar, chopped tomato, and stock or water. Fill into large casserole, cover and cook in moderate oven 1½ hours. Remove lid, add prepared parsley puffs, continue cooking without lid 20 to 25 minutes.

To prepare parsley puffs, sift self-raising flour and salt.

Rub in butter or substitute and add lemon rind and parsley. Mix to soft dough with milk, drop into casserole a teaspoon at a time.

Tony's luxury dish

Chicken Chop Suey

"THIS well-known Chinese dish called chop suey literally means mixed fragments," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

"It is served in most Chinese restaurants, and because it has no strong flavor or taste it is likely to appeal to Australian palates."

For six to eight people you will need:

Two young tender chickens, 2lb. each, ½lb. ham, 1½lb. lean pork, 15 medium-sized mushrooms (fresh or dried), 1 stalk celery, 1lb. bamboo shoots, 1½ tablespoons soya sauce, 1½ tablespoons cornflour, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 1 glass dry sherry, 1lb. cooking oil, 1 tablespoon salt, ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper, 1 cup chicken stock.

Mince the pork and mix it well with salt and pepper, cornflour, and one cup of chicken stock. Cut celery, bamboo shoots, and mushrooms into small pieces, putting them on one side. (If dried mushrooms are used they must be first soaked in warm water for 10 minutes.) Heat oil in saucepan. With the hands roll the minced pork into small balls about the size of a pigeon's egg and fry for 5 minutes. Then remove from fire and leave about 4 tablespoons of oil in the pan and fry the chicken and the ham. Stir constantly for about 2 minutes, drain away excess oil. Mix with the fried meat balls and pour in the sherry and the soya sauce and cook 3 minutes.

In a clean pan, heat 2 tablespoons oil until smoking, then add the mushrooms, the chopped celery and the sliced bamboo shoots. Stir for 2 minutes, add sugar and salt to taste; add the cooked chicken, chopped ham, and meat balls and cook a further 4 minutes. Add a little chicken stock if desired.

ANTICIPATING SPRING (Continued from page 57)

MERINGUE PEARS WITH CHOCOLATE

Five pears, 3 tablespoons apricot jam, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup water, rind and juice of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons very finely minced candied fruits, 2 tablespoons sherry, 2 egg-whites, 6 extra tablespoons sugar, 2oz. dark eating chocolate.

Make a syrup out of the jam, sugar, water, lemon rind and juice. Poach the pear halves in it, cores and skins removed. Remove the pears from the syrup when just tender—do not allow them to become soft enough to break. Fill the core cavity with candied fruit soaked in sherry. Make a meringue with the egg-whites and extra sugar and pipe it on to the pears. Set the meringue in a slow oven. Break up the chocolate and add it to the pear syrup, stir over low heat until chocolate melts. Pour syrup around pears before serving.

STRAWBERRY OMELET

Four eggs, ½ cup castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter for cooking, strawberries, icing sugar.

Beat egg-yolks lightly, gradually beat in sugar, salt, vanilla, and orange or lemon rind. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Melt butter in heavy pan, pour omelet mixture in. Cook over slow heat. Cover with a lid if possible. While omelet is setting slit top in two or three places to allow heat to penetrate. When just set, spread one half with sugared strawberries, fold over, lift carefully from pan and serve at once. The omelet should be soft on the inside and very lightly browned underneath.

MACAROON PEACH BOMBE

One egg, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups milk, 1 cup crushed macaroon crumbs, 1 cup fresh peach pulp, ½ pint whipped cream, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Beat egg with sugar, stir in milk, continue stirring over low heat for 4 or 5 minutes, but do not allow mixture to boil. Allow to cool, fold in macaroon crumbs, peach pulp, whipped cream, and vanilla. Freeze in refrigerator-trays, spoon into serving-dishes, serve at once.

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Thanks to the Steadiflow test's wonderful nursing action he never suffers the discomfort of colic or wind. Twin valves at the base of the teat ensure a steady, even milk flow, as well as preventing teat collapse. Steadiflow is so easy to seal hygienically for travelling and storage. Its wide mouth makes it easy to clean, too.

Steadiflow Baby's Feeding Bottle

Now available in
STANDARD GLASS
5/- complete
PYREX GLASS
6/6 complete
Unbreakable Plastic
7/11 complete



SEALING 'ROUND THE HOUSE WITH "Selltape"



TIP FOR MENDING PLASTIC RAINCOAT

Turn raincoat inside out—place tear flat . . . put edges together, cover with strip of "Selltape".
● "Selltape" is 25% wider—sticks to any surface with 25% more gripping power.



DON'T JUST TAPE IT . . .
"Selltape" IT!

NAPPY RASH!



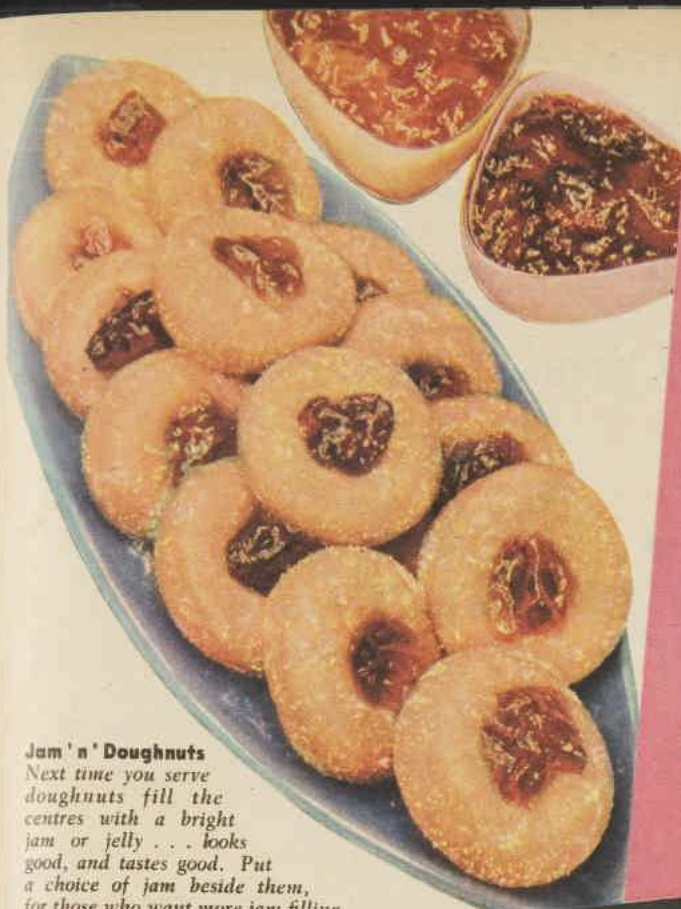
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More power in every drop

The MOST
CONCENTRATED LIQUID DETERGENT OF ALL!

4 shakes do a whole wash-up

STRIPS GREASE INSTANTLY AND LEAVES DISHES SPARKLING



Jam 'n' Doughnuts

Next time you serve doughnuts fill the centres with a bright jam or jelly . . . looks good, and tastes good. Put a choice of jam beside them, for those who want more jam filling.

Raspberry Sundae Cake

3 ozs. (3 level tablespoons) butter or margarine; 6 ozs. (6 level tablespoons) sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raspberry jam; 1 egg; $1\frac{1}{2}$ level cups self-raising flour; 3 level tablespoons cocoa; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream the shortening, sugar and warmed raspberry jam till light and fluffy. Add the egg and beat well. Add sifted flour and cocoa alternately with milk, beating smooth after each addition. Bake in 2 greased and floured 7-inch tins for 25-30 minutes in moderate oven. When cold, fill and top with Raspberry Cream. When cream has set, cover with chocolate icing.

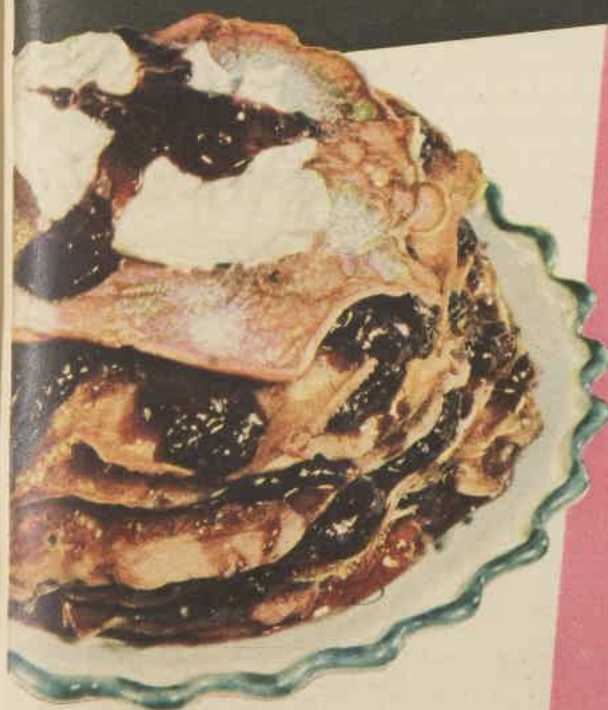
Raspberry Cream: Beat together 2 level tablespoons melted vegetable shortening, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons raspberry jam. Add 2 level tablespoons icing sugar, 4 level tablespoons powdered milk, 1 tablespoon hot water and a few drops of cochineal. Beat till light and fluffy.



Jam in the mixture, as well as in the filling, is the secret of this one-egg wonder cake.

look at all you can do with

Jam



Swedish Jam Pancakes. Serve your next pancakes the Swedish way. Follow your usual recipe, but instead of rolling the pancakes, stack them one on top of the other. When all the pancakes are made, put warm dark jam between them. Sprinkle with castor sugar and serve in fat, meltingly tender wedges. Having pancakes soon?

Jam has very high energy value.


There are 100 calories in one tablespoonful of jam . . .

Put a dish of jam on the table each mealtime to encourage reluctant eaters.



Fluffy Apricot Coconut Puddings. Golden apricot jam is right in the mixture, as well as spooned over the top. 3 tablespoons soft margarine; 2 tablespoons sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricot jam; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla; 1 egg; 1 cup fine bread-crumbs; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup desiccated coconut; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups (5 ozs.) self-raising flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream margarine, sugar and jam. Add egg and beat till light. Combine flour, crumbs and coconut and add them, a little at a time, alternately with milk. Fill well-greased individual moulds $\frac{2}{3}$ full, cover with 2 thicknesses of greased paper and steam 40 minutes. Turn out carefully, cover with hot apricot jam and sprinkle with coconut. For a special surprise: add a tablespoon of brandy to the jam just before you spoon it over the puddings.



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Match your mood and your outfit to the heart-stirring new shades in KAYSER Nylons. You'll thrill to the delicacy of "Show-Off," the most subtle of colours—you'll love the daintiness of "Dawn Glow," the freshness of "High Noon," the flattery of "Sunset," the deep satisfaction of "Blue Heaven." You'll rejoice that all five KAYSER shades—ranging from light hues to deeper tones—blend so superbly with fashion's idea of Spring.

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fashion firsts such as the neatest, narrowest seams, an outstandingly graceful heel reinforcement;

"Beauty Blush" anti-sheen finish...

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Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3806.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's one-piece frock. Sizes, lengths, 20in., 23in., 28in., and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½yds. to 2½yds. 36in. material plus ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/6.



F3802.—One-piece with a figure-moulding bodice and belled-out skirt-line. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3805.—Pretty sleeveless one-piece. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. guipure edging. Price, 3/9.

F3804.—Summer approach to fashion in a one-piece with a cool scooped neckline and soft skirt fullness. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/9.

F3805

F3806



F3807.—Chic American-style shirtwaist dress. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F3803.—One-piece to welcome spring, designed with long lines to a low torso, and a skirt gathered for fullness. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 953 — GIRL'S FROCK
Small girl's summer frock, finished with a white trim, is obtainable cut out ready to make in check cotton seersucker. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, and green and white. Sizes: Lengths 20in. for 4 years, 14/11, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 23in. for 6 years, 19/6, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 28in. for 8 years, 16/11, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 34in. for 10 years, 17/6, postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 954 — GUEST TOWELS
The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with pretty flower and bird motifs. The material is huckaback in white, blue, pink, and lemon. Set of three, 19/11, postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Single towel, 8/11, postage, 9d. extra.

No. 955 — SUPPER CLOTH
The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a scalloped edge and conventional flower design. The material is cream or white Irish linen. The cloth is obtainable in three sizes. Prices: 36in. x 36in. 21/8, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 45in. x 45in. 32/6, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 54in. x 54in. 43/9, postage and registration, 2/- extra.

No. 956 — ONE-PIECE DRESS
Cool summer dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed non-iron, non-crush cotton. The color choice includes American Beauty, black and white; tan, grey, and white; aqua, grey, and white; blue, grey, and white. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 54/8, postage and registration, 2/- extra; 36in. and 38in. bust, 55/11, postage and registration, 2/- extra.

• Note.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



954

955

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MATCHING TEETH
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ZF331

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA: Are held captive in the hide-out of a gang of counterfeiters. The gang plans to kill them, as they have discovered the secret of their hide-out. When Mandrake gestures hypnotically, conjuring up a hideous spectre, they drop their guns in surrender, and Mandrake hands them over to the police. Later, leaving on a sea holiday, Mandrake and Narda have no idea of the strange adventure in store. NOW READ ON:

conjuging up a hideous spectre, they drop their guns in surrender, and Mandrake hands them over to the police. Later, leaving on a sea holiday, Mandrake and Narda have no idea of the strange adventure in store. NOW READ ON:



with housewives



for 60 years —
genuine
PHILIPS



15 hairsets for 3/6

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TEENA *by Lilla Terry*



OH, LOOK! SOMEONE'S MOVING IN ACROSS THE STREET!
THERE'S A GIRL! LET'S GO SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT!
MOVING VAN



I DO TRAPEZE WORK, TOO... WATCH!
GOT ANY BROTHERS?
NO, NO BROTHERS
ONLY SISTERS.



NO BROTHERS! GEE, WHAT A TOWN! NO BODY INTERESTING EVER MOVES HERE!!!

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

* Fashion Frocks are available for only six weeks from date of publication. Deliveries will be made 14 days from receipt of order.

"KIRSTY": Smart torso dress obtainable in check gingham. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, brown and white, black and white, green and white.



Ready to Wear: 32in. and 34in. bust, 68/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 69/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.



Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 48/6, 36in. and 38in. bust, 49/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"ANNA": Full-skirted one-piece dress, perfect for summer days ahead, is obtainable in novelty spotted cotton. The color choice includes lemon, blue, pink, and green all printed with a white spot.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 76/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 78/6. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 56/11, 36in. and 38in. bust, 58/6. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Note: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

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